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MARYLAND

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STORIES OF HER PEOPLE AND OF
HER HISTORY

BY

L. MAGRUDER PASSANO, A.B.

Author of a History of Maryland for Schools

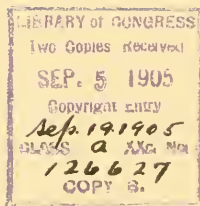
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.

—*Wordsworth*

...

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The Author
Affectionately dedicates this work
To his little son, Macs,
Whose interest in its production
Has been unflagging,
and
To his little daughter, Betty,
Who made him promise to give her
“The very first one of the books”
That he received.

PREFACE

The author cannot enumerate all the various sources from which he has gathered the materials for the following stories from Maryland history, nor is it necessary to do so, since in most cases of direct quotation the authority is given. Most of the sources are well known, some of them less so, while in some cases information is derived from a course of miscellaneous reading that has no obvious connection with the History of Maryland.

The author takes pleasure, however, in acknowledging his indebtedness to Dr. Philip R. Uhler, of the Peabody Institute, for criticism of the story dealing with the Indians, and to Mr. George W. McCreary, Assistant Secretary and Librarian of the Maryland Historical Society, for his kind assistance in securing many of the illustrations. The author has received much valuable criticism from Mrs. Laura Hollinshead, Miss Clara Tucker and other teachers in the public schools of the State, but especially, he wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Albert S. Cook, Secretary to the School Board of Baltimore County, for reading and criticising the work.

The book is intended as a supplementary reader, and the author's first object has been to make the stories interesting to children. Fictitious persons and imaginary

PREFACE

scenes have been introduced, but, the author ventures to hope, without sacrifice of historical accuracy. He has aimed to present events in proper perspective and has striven to surround the descriptions of earlier periods with the atmosphere of those times.

The author has endeavored, also, to lay more stress on the quiet progress of peaceful times than on war by land and sea, while at the same time doing full justice to the latter. And in the personages mentioned, the object has been to be representative not exhaustive, so that many names of equal importance with those given are necessarily omitted.

It will give the author great pleasure if he can know that he has instilled into the children of Maryland some of his own interest in the history of his native State, and some of his own feeling of loyalty to her.

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I

THE ARK AND THE DOVE

NEARLY three hundred years ago, towards the end of the month of November, two little vessels lay at Cowes in the Isle of Wight. They were the Ark and the Dove. On board of them were about three hundred persons leaving their homes in England to make for themselves other homes in the new world of America.

Do you know what that meant, to make new homes in America? In the first place it meant that many of them must sell their houses and lands in England. They needed the money to buy guns, swords, knives, axes, hoes, saws, nails—think of all they had to take with them! They were going to a land where they could not buy such things. If they forgot to take anything, they would have to make it for themselves, or else have it brought from England. So they tried to think of everything they would need and to take it with them.

Going to the New World meant also that they were leaving behind their friends and relations. Perhaps they would never see each other again. America was a long way off, and was full of wild beasts and savage men.

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Brave hearts were needed to leave "merry England" for this wild and unknown land.

But some of them were glad to leave. They were Catholics who wanted to worship God in their own way. This it was hard for them to do in England. They were treated harshly there, but it was promised them that where they were going all should be treated with kindness alike.

Let us make believe that on board of the Ark were a little boy and his sister. We do not really know that there were any children on board, but we will pretend that there were these two. And we will make believe that the boy's name was Richard Cornwaleys and his sister's name Elizabeth.

Early in the spring their father had sold his farm and they had journeyed to London to meet the rest of the company bound for America. Their father and mother made this journey on horseback, but Dick and Betty traveled in a great heavy cart drawn by four horses.

When they came to the steep hills the children would get out and walk. When it rained the carter would sit under the hood with them and tell them about the robbers and wolves that sometimes attacked him.

In the cart were packed their clothing and the few things they were bringing from their old home. They were bringing very little with them. There would be more than three hundred persons in the two small ships. Most of the room on board would be needed for the food



THE ARK

From a print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

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and water for the voyage, and for the tools and implements they had to carry.

Dick and Betty thought the time for sailing would never come. They did get as far as the Isle of Wight, but delays arose and it was not until the twenty-second of November that they finally sailed. When they had been out but two days a terrible storm arose from the north. The winds increased and the sea grew more wild. Those on board the Ark, the larger vessel, saw in the distance the little Dove showing two lights at her masthead as a signal of distress. But they could give her no aid, they could hardly save themselves, and "in a moment she had passed out of sight, and no news of her reached us for six weeks afterwards."

The Dove returned to England, to the Scilly Isles. From there she made a fresh start and overtook the Ark at one of the islands of the West Indies.

Storm after storm beat upon the larger vessel. Once those on board lost control of the rudder and the ship "drifted about like a dish in the water." But at length the storms ceased and for three months they sailed along under blue skies and in the bright sunshine.

Dick and Betty had been shut up in the cabin of the Ark during the storm but now they could come out upon the deck. The breeze blew the ship steadily along. Every day they were drawing nearer to a new world full of wonders. Neither of them had ever before been on the ocean and it was wonderful in itself.



LANDING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS IN MARYLAND
From the painting by Frank B. Mayer in the State House at Annapolis

MARYLAND

One day Betty had been looking out over the sea when all at once she called to her brother to come quickly. Such a lot of beautiful birds were flying just above the water. But when they came close they were not birds after all, but flying fish. How wonderful that was! Fish that had wings and even flew over the ship. Some of them fell on the deck and the two little children were almost afraid to pick them up.

They made a stop at the Fortunate Isles, now called the Canaries, and then sailed westward again, and reached Barbadoes on the third of January. They set sail again after a rest of three weeks, and the next day, at Matalina, were met by some savage Indians. Two canoes full of naked men paddled out from shore but would not come near. They were afraid of the ship which seemed so huge to them. They were not so much afraid of the Dove because she was smaller. Father Andrew White, who was one of the company on the Ark and who wrote an account of the voyage, says of these Indians that "they were a savage race, fat, shining with red paint, who knew no god and devoured the flesh of human beings."

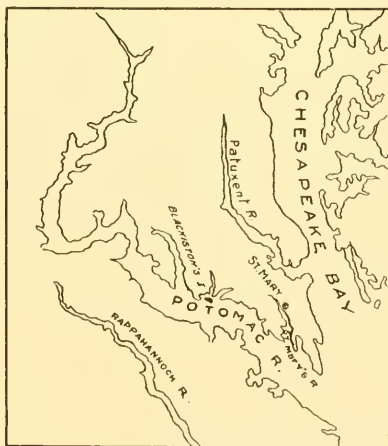
Betty and Dick could only stare. They had heard of Indians but now they really saw them. These men were brown, too, and the children had never seen any but white men. They wore no clothes and their faces, smeared with red paint, looked very fierce and cruel. And how strange their talk sounded. The children, while in London, had listened to Spaniards and French-

THE ARK AND THE DOVE

men, but the words of the Indians sounded as wild as their faces looked.

Sailing again they came to Virginia. Here there were English settlements made some years before. For a few days the Ark and the Dove rested at Point Comfort. Then they went northward to their final destination in Maryland.

As the two little ships made their way up the Potomac River in the early spring-time, how the hearts of the company must have rejoiced at the fertile beauty of their new home, coming to them after their long voyage across the Atlantic. The beautiful river itself delighted them. Father White says, "Never have I beheld a larger or more beautiful river.



LOWER CHESAPEAKE BAY AND
POTOMAC RIVER

. . . . It is not disfigured with any swamps, but has firm land on each side. Fine groves of trees appear, not choked with briars or bushes and undergrowth, but growing at intervals as if planted by the hand of man, so that you can drive a four-horse carriage wherever you choose through the midst of the trees."

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At the mouth of the river they saw armed Indians and, during the night, signal fires blazed through the country. Indian messengers ran to all parts to say "that a canoe like an island had come, with as many men as there were trees in the woods."

The two children watched these blazing fires and wondered if the Indians were cooking and eating each other. They were glad that they were safe aboard the ship and not on the shore. They did not know that these Indians were peaceful and quiet and would soon be their friends.

The settlers landed on March 25, 1634, at a little island which they named St. Clement's. It is now called Blackiston's Island. Falling on their knees they joined in thanksgiving and praise to God for the safe ending of their voyage, and then planted in the earth a great cross which they had hewn out of a tree.

If you will turn to page 15 you will see a picture of this planting of the cross. And in the lower right hand corner you will see Dick holding a great dog, which came from England with him. The Indian woman sitting on the end of her canoe is smiling at Dick, and would no more think of eating him than he would think of eating her.

Here there befell what might have been a serious accident. The "women who had left the ship to do the washing upset the boat and came near being drowned."

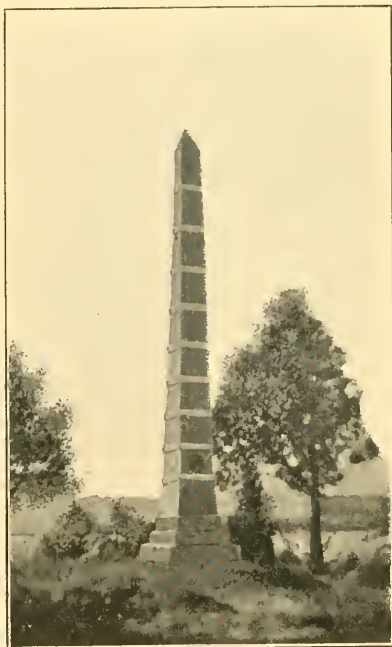
This island they found too small for a permanent settlement so they sailed up the St. Mary's River, on whose banks the Indians had a settlement. This they bought,

THE ARK AND THE DOVE

paying for it axes, hatchets, hoes, knives and cloth. This was fair payment, for the Indians simply had to journey a few miles away to get all the land they wanted, while the steel axes and knives they received were so much better than the ones they made for themselves out of stone that the Indian who received one considered himself very rich indeed.

Leonard Calvert, who was the leader of this band of colonists, always treated the Indians kindly and justly. He paid them for the land he took and for the food which they brought him. Nor would he allow the natives to be ill-treated by the settlers.

Because of this these Indians were always friendly, and in Maryland there were no bloody wars between the natives and the white men, such as were fought in some of the other colonies.



MONUMENT TO LEONARD CALVERT
SITE OF ST. MARY'S

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The Indian women came to the houses of the colonists and taught the English women how to cook hominy and to make corn pone. You must remember that Dick and Betty had never tasted corn bread before. At first they were not sure they liked it, but two or three mouthfuls taught them how good it was.

Cecilus Calvert, Lord Baltimore, it was who had sent this company of settlers to the New World. We shall learn something more about him in another story. The King of England had given him the country, which he named Maryland after the Queen, for his own, to settle and to rule over, and if you would see how he succeeded you need only look around you.

The State of Maryland with its fisheries, its farms, its mines and railroads and ships, with its thriving towns and beautiful cities, and with its more than a million inhabitants, has all grown from that first little settlement made nearly three hundred years ago.



II

THE INDIANS

IF a canoe full of Indians had paddled across the Atlantic Ocean three hundred years ago they would have found different peoples on the various parts of the coast of Europe. To the north they would have found Dutchmen. To the south of these were the French. And still farther south were the Spaniards.

Just so the settlers who sailed then to the eastern coast of North America found three great stocks or families of Indians there. They were called the Algonquins, the Muscogeas and the Iroquois. Each of these families was divided up into tribes having many different names. The tribes were divided into clans.

The clans were often named after some animal. There was the Wolf clan, the Turtle clan, and the clan of the Eagle. The picture of this animal was called a "totem," and was a sort of coat-of-arms of the clan. The Indians of a clan thought that they were all descended from their particular animal. They believed that, ages before, a turtle or an eagle had been the animal from which that clan had sprung.

In Maryland most of the Indians belonged to the Algonquin stock. These were the ones whom the settlers first

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met. There was also a tribe called the *Susquehannoughs* which belonged to the Iroquois family. We shall tell about them after a while, and will first speak of the others.

The Indians around St. Mary's belonged to the *Piscataway* tribe. There was a powerful chief at their head, and Governor Calvert thought he would try to win this chief's friendship. So he sailed up the Potomac River in the *Dove* and another small pinnace to pay the chief a visit. The Indians along the shore were afraid of the ships, and fled away from the river. Their own canoes they hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. And they thought these great "canoes" were made in the same way. Where could such huge trees grow, they wondered. And they thought the people who cut down such trees and made canoes of them could not be mere men like themselves.

At length Governor Calvert reached a village governed by Archihu, an uncle of the King. The King himself was only a youth and was still too young to govern the tribe. Here the Englishmen landed, and Father Altham, who was with them, went ashore and preached to the Indians. He told them that the Englishmen had come, not to make war, but to teach them and to live with them like brothers. At this the Indians were glad, and Archihu said, "It is good. We will use one table. My people shall hunt for my brother, and all things shall be in common between us."

Of course the Englishmen and the Indians could not understand each other's talk. But there happened to be

THE INDIANS

in the village a certain Captain Henry Fleete, an Englishman, who understood the Indian language. He acted as Governor Calvert's interpreter.

Leaving this village Governor Calvert went on up the river to Piscataway. Here he found five hundred armed Indians who would not let him land. But he made signs of peace to them, and at length the chief himself came on board the pinnace.

In the course of a few years many of the Indians became Christians. Several chiefs, with their wives and daughters, were baptized. One chief sent his little seven-year-old daughter, whom he dearly loved, to live with the English, and after she had been taught, to be baptized.



INDIAN SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

What kind of people were these Indians, and how did they live? You must not think that they were always fighting and roaming about. No indeed, they lived in villages along the water-side almost as quietly and peacefully as you and I do, except when the Susquehannoughs attacked them.

They caught fish in the bays and streams, and had

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fields in which they grew corn, beans and tobacco. We can hardly call them farmers. They did not have ploughs and harrows drawn by horses or oxen. Indeed, there were no horses or cattle in America until the Europeans brought them. Columbus himself brought some cows over.

The Indians dug up the earth with rude hoes made of stone or hard wood. They could only cultivate small fields where the ground was rich and not very hard to dig. But, of course, they soon bought iron hoes from the Englishmen.



WAMPUM BELT

Remember that until the English settlers came these Indians had no metals. Think of all the things that we have made of iron—axes, hatchets, knives, nails, hoes—the list would be almost long enough to fill a book. And remember that most of these the Indians did not have at all. And those they did have, such as axes, hatchets, arrow-heads and such things, were made of hard and sharpened stones. Their fish-hooks were made of bone.

The Indians had no kettles to boil their vegetables and meats in. They had no frying-pans. But you will ask, how did they cook their food? Let us see. Tah-gah-

THE INDIANS

jute goes into the forest and shoots a fine wild turkey with his stone-tipped arrows. He does not have to go far to find one as they are very plentiful. His wife dresses it, spits it on a hard stick, and roasts it over a fire of twigs on the ground.

Another day he catches a fine fish. His wife has kept a good fire going, and has heated some stones very hot. Then she wraps the fish in leaves, places it on the stones, and covers it over with hot ashes. If she wishes to boil something she carefully drops the hot stones into a clay pot full of water. Do you wonder that Tah-gah-jute and his friends were willing to sell their houses and fields, their furs and skins to the Englishmen for steel axes and knives, and iron kettles?

The houses in which the Indians lived, and which Governor Calvert had bought with the land, were oblong huts but little higher than a man. The only opening, besides the door, was a hole in the roof through which the smoke of the fire passed out. At night the Indians slept on the floor around the fire. The chiefs' houses were larger and more comfortable, and contained beds made of skins stretched on sticks.

At places along Chesapeake Bay are found "kitchen-middens," which are a sign that many years ago there was an Indian village nearby. All the inhabitants of a village, after eating their oysters, would throw the shells into the same heap. Year after year the heap grew larger, and in time became covered with earth. Seeds fell into the soil

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until at length the mound was covered with grass and shrubs and trees. These overgrown hillocks of oyster shells are what are called "kitchen-middens."



BARTER WITH THE INDIANS 101

From the mural painting by C. Y.

For clothing the Indians wore the skins of deer and other animals fastened around their shoulders, and aprons about their waists. Their ornaments were strings of beads and feathers. In later years they used a kind of

THE INDIANS

money, called "peak" or "wampum," made of clam or mussel shells. Small cylindrical beads were cut from the shells and strung on cords or made into flat belts. This



INDIANS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND, 1634
as depicted in the Court House at Baltimore

Copyright 1905, by Edward B. Passano

money was paid out *by the yard*. It was of two colors, purple and white, the purple being worth twice as much as the other.

These Indians were noble and kind. They were firm

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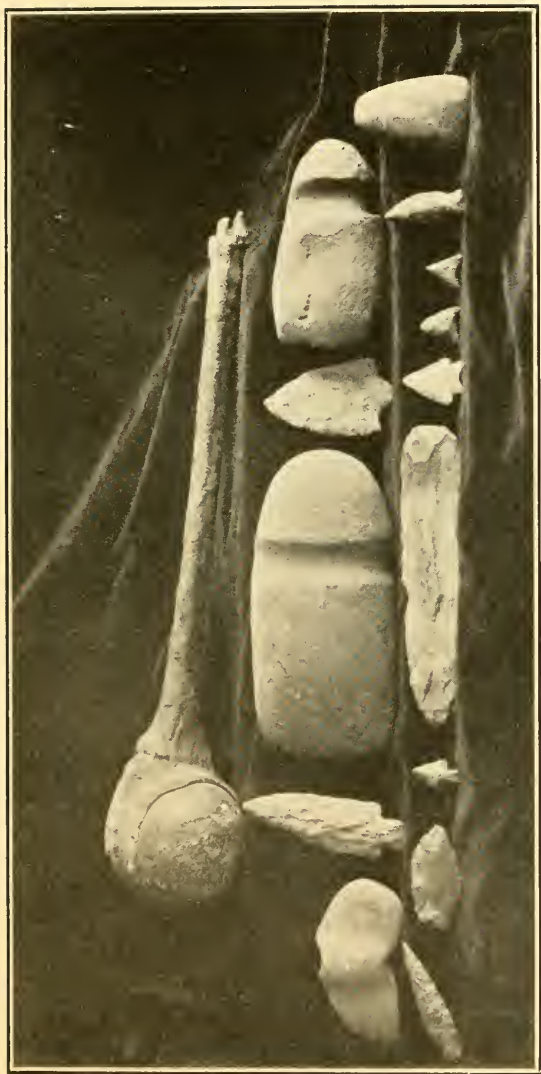
and generous friends to the whites. But they themselves had enemies, the fierce Susquehannoughs, who lived to the north of them, along the Susquehanna River.

The Susquehannoughs were hunting Indians, wild, fierce and warlike. They roamed about through the forests in search of the deer, bears, turkeys and other game on which they lived. They were noble looking men. One of the early settlers says they were seven feet tall and large in proportion. He says their voices were "large and hollow, as ascending out of a cave."

He says, too, that they ate the prisoners they took in war. This is very likely true. Many tribes of Indians did so. An Indian thought that if he ate his enemy all that enemy's bravery and strength passed into himself.

These Susquehannoughs, as we have said, were a branch of the Iroquois stock, but they had separated from it and had become the bitter enemies of the rest of that family. They were very warlike and had overcome the more peaceful tribes around them. They were fierce and cruel. They scalped their prisoners, and tortured them with knives and tomahawks and fire. The men did nothing but hunt in the season and fight. The women did all the work. They would bring the skins and furs of the animals they killed to the English settlements to trade them for blankets, beads, knives and other things.

Year after year the peaceful tribes in southern Maryland were attacked by the Susquehannoughs. The English settlers did what they could to protect their quiet neigh-



GROUP OF INDIAN IMPLEMENTS

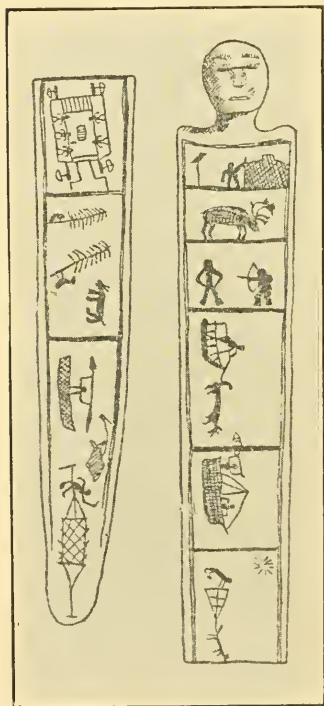
From a photograph of the original in the possession of the Maryland Academy of Sciences

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bors. Treaties of peace were made with them, and their wives and children were allowed to come to the settlements of the whites for safety when their enemies

were on the warpath. But in spite of all they gradually died out. Many were killed, some wandered away into the wilderness.

At one time some of them came to make a new treaty of peace for their tribe. They said they were sorry, but so few of them were left that they could not even bring a suitable gift to the governor, and that all they wanted was to live in peace and to have the protection of the English. The governor treated them kindly, told them to have no fear and promised to protect them as long as any of them were left. Thus these peaceful Indians gradually disappeared.



INDIAN WRITINGS

The Susquehannoughs did not come to so peaceful an end. They fought with the peaceful Indians south of them, and sometimes even with the English. But their

THE INDIANS

hardest fighting was against their own relations. For ten years they fought the Senecas and the Cayugas, two tribes of the Iroquois stock.

At length a dreadful plague of smallpox broke out among the Susquehannoughs. Hundreds of their warriors were killed by it. They were so weakened that the Senecas routed them and drove them into Virginia.

The Senecas pursued them, and while on the war-path damaged the plantations of the whites and murdered several settlers. The English laid the blame for this on the Susquehannoughs, followed them, and surrounded them in an old fort where they had taken refuge. The Indians declared they were innocent, and showed the English leaders a silver medal and papers given them by Governor Calvert as a safe-conduct. In spite of this some of their chiefs were killed. The remainder, after holding the fort until their food was all gone, escaped during the night.

In their flight they murdered many settlers. The Virginians pursued them and almost destroyed the tribe. The few that were left returned to their old home on the Susquehanna River and submitted to their Indian enemies. About a hundred years later the very last of them were massacred by the whites in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

On the Eastern Shore the chief tribe was that of the Nanticokes. They were not very friendly to the whites, but were not so unfriendly as the Susquehannoughs.

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They gave the early settlers but little trouble as they were separated from them by Chesapeake Bay. By the time that settlements were made on the Eastern Shore the colony was so strong as not greatly to fear the Indians any longer. About one hundred years after the first settlement, many of the Nanticokes left Maryland. Some went to Pennsylvania, some to New York, and some even as far as Canada.



III

GEORGE AND CECILIUS CALVERT

GEORGE CALVERT and Cecilius Calvert should be remembered and honored by every loyal boy and girl of Maryland. We should remember them because they founded our State. We should honor them for the noble purpose with which they founded it. We shall see presently what that noble purpose was. But first let us learn something of the lives of these two great men.

The Calvert family, as we know it, began with Leonard Calvert, the father of George. He was a country gentleman who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth of England, and who married Alicia Crossland, who was George Calvert's mother.

On his father's estate of Kiplin, in Yorkshire, George was born in 1579. He went to college at Oxford, and to finish his education traveled in Europe. When he was only twenty-six years old Oxford gave him the degree of Master of Arts. This took place in the presence of the King and many great nobles who were visiting Oxford.

Receiving this degree was a great honor to him, and showed that he had already begun to distinguish himself. Even now men who win renown by their learning, or by great deeds and noble lives, are honored in the same way.

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A few years before, George Calvert had met Sir Robert Cecil, who became his firm friend and patron, and who made him his private secretary. Besides this he was elected to Parliament, and was appointed to an important office in Ireland by the King.



GEORGE CALVERT

*From a pastel portrait in the possession of
the Maryland Historical Society*

King James soon became as much Calvert's friend as Sir Robert Cecil, and sent him on important missions to Ireland and the Continent. In 1617 Calvert was knighted and two years later was made Principal Secretary of State by the King. This was a very high office, like that of a prime minister. He at length became so trusted by King James that, so the French ambassador says, "the control of all public affairs really rested in the

Duke of Buckingham and Calvert." This ambassador describes George Calvert as "an honorable, sensible, well-minded man, courteous toward strangers, . . . zealously intent upon the welfare of England."

GEORGE AND CECILIUS CALVERT

At that time both France and Spain wanted the friendship of England. The King favored Spain, but the English people and Parliament favored France. Calvert, partly out of friendship for the King and partly because he thought it best for England, favored the Spanish alliance. This made Calvert somewhat unpopular, but he was a man of such integrity of character that even those who took the other side admired and respected him.

King James rewarded the services of his faithful friend by giving him a manor of 2300 acres in County Longford, Ireland. This manor of Baltimore gave Calvert his title of Baron of Baltimore. Just before he received his title Calvert confessed to the King that he had been converted to the Catholic Church. He resigned his public offices but did not lose the friendship of the King, who kept him a member of his Privy Council. When King James died a few weeks afterwards Lord Baltimore retired altogether from public life, although the new king, Charles I., wanted him to remain a member of the Council.

For fifteen or twenty years before, George Calvert had taken great interest in the settlement of America. And now that his public duties were ended, he gave his time and thoughts to plans for founding a colony in the New World. He had already received a grant of a part of Newfoundland, which he called Avalon, but had not been able to give much thought to his colony there. Now, however, he determined to go out himself to put the settlement in order and to try to make it prosper.

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When he arrived at Avalon he found the land hilly, rugged and barren. But he was not discouraged. He returned to England for the winter, and in the following summer sailed again to Avalon with his wife—his first wife had died—all his family, except his eldest son Cecilius, and about forty colonists.

Trouble met him almost as soon as he arrived. He was attacked by three French cruisers. These he drove off with two ships, the same Ark and Dove in which the settlers of Maryland afterwards sailed. But a worse enemy than the French appeared. This was the long, cold, stormy, northern winter. Sickness and starvation fell upon the little settlement, and at last Lord Baltimore sailed away, leaving behind only a few fishermen.

He went first to Jamestown in Virginia, where he was not kindly received, and from there back to England. He did not give up his idea of founding a colony in the New World, although King Charles wished him to remain in England. He succeeded in getting the King to grant him a tract of land lying north of Virginia and along Chesapeake Bay, but before he could receive the grant he died, on April 15, 1632.

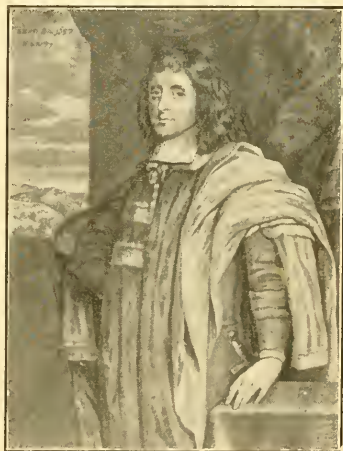
He was succeeded in his title by his eldest son, Cecilius, who was named after Sir Robert Cecil. He had nine other children, of whom Leonard and George took part in the founding of Maryland. Leonard Calvert was the leader of the first expedition, which sailed in the Ark and the Dove, and was the governor of the colony for

GEORGE AND CECILIUS CALVERT

more than ten years. Both he and his brother George died in America.

Cecilius Calvert went on with his father's work of founding a colony, and soon received the charter of Maryland. The colony was called a palatinate, and Cecilius Calvert the Lord Palatine. He had powers which made him almost a king. He wished to go to the New World himself, but his colony had so many enemies in England that he had to remain at home.

There were two chief reasons for this enmity to Lord Baltimore's colony. The first of these reasons we shall learn about in the next story. The second reason for the opposition to the colony was that Lord Baltimore was a Catholic.



CECILIUS CALVERT

*From a print in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

In those days Catholics and Protestants did not live peaceably together as they do now, but hated and tried to harm each other. The first Lord Baltimore, and his son Cecilius also, saw how wrong this was. They wanted to make Maryland a land where all men might live in happy peace and quiet, no matter what their religion

MARYLAND



EDICT OF TOLERATION OF 1649. LORD BALTIMORE CO.
From the mural painting by Edwin L.

might be. This is the noble purpose of which we have spoken, and for which George and Cecilius Calvert deserve so much honor.

Lord Baltimore's enemies, knowing that he was a

GEORGE AND CECILIUS CALVERT



FOUNDING HIS PEOPLE TO WISDOM, JUSTICE AND MERCY
by William Verelstam, in the Court House at Baltimore

Catholic, pretended that he was founding a colony for those of his own church and where others would be persecuted. This was not true, for Cecilius Calvert wanted his colony to be free to all religions alike. Not many

MARYLAND

years after the first settlement was made, was passed his famous Toleration Act, which made it the law that no one should be troubled or molested because of his religious belief.

Cecilius Calvert was a son worthy of his father. He lived at a time when England was troubled by religious persecutions and by civil war, but he took no active part in either. He gave his attention to his own private affairs, and watched over the welfare of his colony. George Calvert spent most of his life in working for his country and his sovereign, and had but little time to give to his colony in America. But his was the idea of founding the colony. Cecilius Calvert it was who carried out that idea earnestly and faithfully.

As far as his enemies would let him Cecilius Calvert lived at peace. He had trials and troubles and dangers to pass through, and his enemies gave him much anxiety about his colony in the New World. But he was patient and prudent, and by not taking sides too warmly he kept safe his own rights and those of the colonists over whom he watched. While he was Proprietor, the one settlement of about three hundred persons had grown to many settlements having nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. The colony not only grew and prospered, but also set an example to the whole world of Protestants and Catholics living peacefully together. Cecilius Calvert was born in 1606 and died in 1675.

Many letters were written by the early Governors of

GEORGE AND CECILIUS CALVERT

Maryland and Cecilius Calvert to each other. For a long time nothing was known of these letters. But a few years ago they were discovered, packed away in an old chest, in the house of an English gentleman. For more than two hundred years they had lain there forgotten. They were purchased and brought to America, and now, in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore, we can see the very letters written by the founder of our State.

Let us read some of these letters together. We learn that Lord Baltimore wanted some Indian mats to carpet a room, and that Governor Leonard Calvert had trouble in getting them. But he says, in a letter written in 1638, "I am sure my Brother Porttobacco, now Emperor of Paskat-away, will assist me in it as much as he can for he is much your friend and servant." In the same letter he says he had had a "red bird" and a "lion" for Lord



THE CALVERT ARMS

From a crest in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

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Baltimore, but that a servant had let the bird out of its cage and the lion had died.

Of course these letters, for the most part, tell about the government of the colony, about public affairs. In them we read of the troubles on Kent Island and of William Claiborne. We shall speak of these things in the story after this. But the letters tell us also of private matters, and some of them speak of gifts that were exchanged between England and America.

In 1664, in a letter to his father Lord Baltimore, Governor Charles Calvert says, "My Cozen William's sister arrived here and is now att my house, and has the care of my household affaires. . . . There came with her two maids [and] . . . I received likewise a light summer druggat suit, a pewter still, 2 Copper stew pannes and in them 20 lb. of yellow wax."

Messages passed between "little Cis," son of Governor Charles Calvert, and his grandfather in England. In one of his father's letters "little Cis" thanks his grandfather for a present of a cap, feather, sword and belt. Some years later Governor Calvert thanks his father for "my mother's picture which will be a great Ornament to my Parlor."

At a time when Charles Calvert's children were in England his letters speak often of them and of his anxiety for their welfare. The colonists were anxious at times about other things in England besides their children. In a letter to his brother-in-law Governor Calvert says,

GEORGE AND CECILIUS CALVERT

“My wife your Sister earnestly entreats you that great Care may be taken of a great trunck which stands in her Chamber betwixt the bedd and the Chimney there being in it severall bottles of Cordiall Waters and Likewise some flent glasses.”

These letters help us to remember that the early settlers were men and women and children like ourselves. They were real live people. The men and boys worked in the fields planting and harvesting corn. In the forests they cut wood for their fires and shot game for their food. The women cooked and sewed and milked the cows that the boys drove in from the pasture.

As the years passed by not only did new settlers come from England, but little children, who never had seen England, were born in the colony. They grew up to be men and women, married, and had children of their own. The little make-believe Dick and Betty of our first story would have been more than fifty years old at the time when Cecilius Calvert died.

IV

WILLIAM CLAIBORNE, LORD BALTIMORE'S ENEMY

YOU must not think that William Claiborne was the only enemy Cecilus Calvert had. There were many others. But Claiborne probably gave Lord Baltimore more trouble than any other man he met with during his whole life.

It was not through any fault of Lord Baltimore, for we shall see that he tried to live at peace with this man and to be on friendly terms with him. We promised, in the story before this, to tell of the enemies who prevented Lord Baltimore from coming to Maryland. Claiborne was the chief of these, and we shall now see what he did.

The whole trouble arose over Kent Island, a large island that lies about halfway up Chesapeake Bay and opposite Annapolis. On this island, a year or two before the settlers landed at St. Mary's, Claiborne had established a trading post.

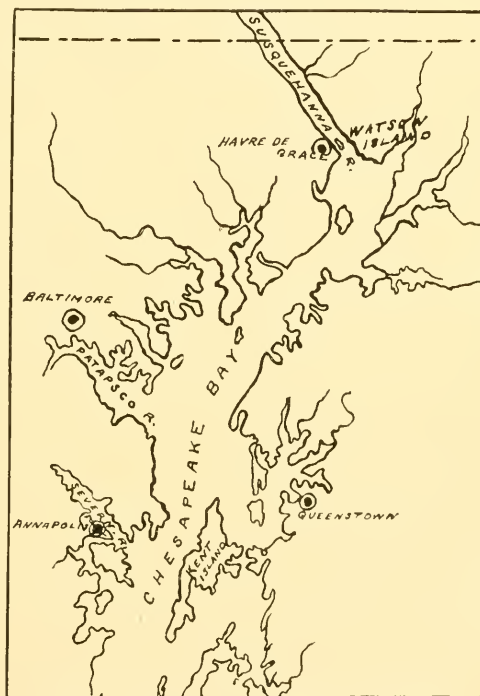
It was not really a settlement. It was only a station where a few Englishmen lived and kept a stock of goods with which to buy furs and skins from the Indians. They did not grow any crops. At one time their food gave out and they were near to starvation. And they were so weak that they feared the Susquehannough Indians would come and murder them all.

WILLIAM CLAIBORNE

Claiborne himself did not live there. He owned large estates in Virginia on which he lived, and he said that Kent Island was a part of that colony. The Virginia Council supported him in this claim. But, you will ask, what right had Virginia to claim any part of Lord Baltimore's colony?

By their old charter the King of England had given the Virginia Company the land for two hundred miles north of Old Point Comfort. But before George Calvert had even thought of settling in Maryland the

King had taken this land away from them. But the Virginians still said it belonged to them. They did not like Lord Baltimore's colony anyhow, especially because it was a settlement of Catholics. They were glad of an excuse to give him trouble.



LOCATION OF KENT AND WATSON ISLANDS

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Lord Baltimore knew of this post on Kent Island before he sent out his first company of settlers. He wrote a letter of instructions which he gave to his brother Leonard Calvert on board the Ark.

In this letter he told Governor Calvert to "write a letter to Cap: Clayborne as soone as conveniently [he could] after their arrivall in the Countrey . . . to invite him kindly to come unto them." And further, that "if he come unto them, then that they use him courteously and well," . . . and "to lett him know that his Lordship is willing to give him all the encouragement he cann to procede" in his plantation.

Furthermore, "that they assure him in fine that his Lordship intends not to do him any wrong, but to shew him all the love and favor that he cann." But if Claiborne should refuse to come to Governor Calvert, then "that they lett him alone for the first yeare" until they receive instructions from Lord Baltimore how to act. Thus it is clear that Lord Baltimore wished to live at peace with Claiborne and to treat him kindly.

Governor Calvert sent word to Claiborne that he would have to take out a trading license from Lord Baltimore's government. Claiborne refused. This brought trouble on himself, because the Marylanders presently captured one of his vessels for trading without a license. Then Claiborne armed a small boat, the Cockatrice, and sent it out with thirty men, under the command of Lieutenant Ratcliffe Warren, with orders to seize any vessels belonging to Lord Baltimore's settlement.

WILLIAM CLAIBORNE

When Governor Calvert heard of this he sent out two armed pinnaces, the *St. Helen* and the *St. Margaret*, under the command of Captain Thomas Cornwaleys. The three little vessels sailed around the bay looking for each other. They were not very big, but they were very much in earnest. And before long, when they met in the



Obverse



Reverse

GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND

Pocomoke River, they had a brisk little fight. The Cockatrice surrendered.

Claiborne then gave up his claim to Kent Island, and bought from the Indians Palmer's Island—it is now called Watson's Island—at the head of the Chesapeake. This was really a part of Lord Baltimore's colony, but Claiborne did not know it. And Kent Island was not yet quiet either. Claiborne's brother-in-law, John Boteler,

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and a certain Thomas Smith were there stirring up the people.

Governor Calvert at length grew tired of sending messages to these men, and so sailed after them with a little army. He captured both of them and kept them prisoners for some time. But Boteler was pardoned and remained faithful to Lord Baltimore from that time.

All this happened within four years of the first settlement. Instead of being able to give their time to growing crops, building houses, and such matters, the St. Mary's men had to take up their arms and spend their time in fighting with Claiborne and his followers.

Five or six years later Claiborne returned to Kent Island and tried to make the inhabitants rebel. But they would not listen to him. They were contented and happy. They had lived long enough under Lord Baltimore's government to learn how just it was.

Ten or eleven years after that Claiborne came back to Maryland once more bringing trouble with him. At one time he had even gone to England to try to persuade the King to take away Lord Baltimore's grant. But he did not succeed.

During this last visit of his to the colony Parliament was in power. The King of England had been beheaded. By a trick Claiborne got Parliament to declare that Maryland was in revolt. He even overthrew Lord Baltimore's government for a short time and set up one of his own.

WILLIAM CLAIBORNE

But then Cromwell came into power. He was friendly to Lord Baltimore, and this time, too, everything ended happily for Lord Baltimore. After this Claiborne gave up trying to do harm to the colony of Maryland.

Claiborne lived to be over four-score years of age. A great part of his long life he spent in making trouble for Maryland. Lord Baltimore used force with Claiborne and his followers when it was necessary. But Cecilius Calvert was prudent and patient. He always tried to win by peaceful means before using any others. Above all he trusted to the justness of his cause and the justice of his government to win over to him all those who were against him.



V

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP, THE PIONEERS

ALL the earliest settlements in Maryland were made in the tidewater region. That means on the shores of Chesapeake Bay and the rivers emptying into it. The colonists found there much good land on which no one was living. Or if there were Indians living on the land they were glad to sell it for a low price, as we have seen. Besides, ships from England could sail right up to the settlements.

As more and more settlers came over, however, all of the tidewater land was gradually taken. So that the newcomers had to build their houses farther inland. Farther inland meant farther to the west. And the march of the white man westward went on, year after year, until at last it reached the Pacific Ocean.

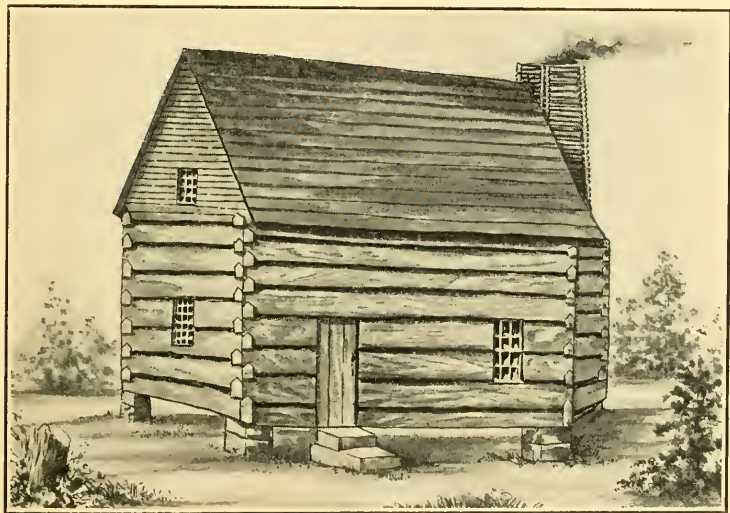
The men who led this march, the pioneers, were called frontiersmen or backwoodsmen. They were bold and hardy men, brave in time of danger and ready to face hardships. They were fine shots with their rifles, and soon became as skillful as the Indians in tracking all sorts of game. Their brave wives faced as many dangers and endured as much as the men themselves.

One of the most famous of these pioneers was Thomas Cresap. He was only fifteen years old when he came to

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP

Maryland from England. When he grew to manhood and was married he settled on the banks of the Susquehanna River.

Now you must know that for a long time William Penn and Lord Baltimore could not agree on the boundary between their colonies of Pennsylvania and Maryland.



CRESAPS HOME 1730

It was nearly one hundred and fifty years after the landing of the Ark and the Dove before the dispute was settled by the marking of Mason and Dixon's Line.*

The five hundred acres of land which Thomas Cresap

*See Passano's History of Maryland, pp. 36-39.

MARYLAND

received were in the territory claimed by both Lord Baltimore and Penn. Of course Cresap supported Lord Baltimore from whom he received his land. Therefore the friends of Penn tried to drive him away.

There was many a fight in this border country. For the most part the Marylanders were victorious. But at one time the Pennsylvania men followed Cresap so closely that he had to take refuge in a fort. They could not storm the fort, so they set fire to the roof to burn him out. Watching his chance, Cresap rushed to the door and hurried down to the river. He had a boat tied there, but before he could unfasten it and put off his enemies captured him. They took him to Philadelphia and kept him in prison for a year.

He seems to have had enough of this fighting, for on his release he removed his family to a place called Old Town, in Allegany County, not far from the junction of the north and south branches of the Potomac. Here he finally made his home, and in time owned large estates lying partly in Maryland and partly in Virginia.

It would not be a very hard matter for your father to move from his farm in Baltimore County to a new one in Allegany County. The railroad would carry you there in a few hours. And the railroad would carry your horses, and cows, and wagons, and furniture, and everything else. When you came to the end of your journey you would find a comfortable house all ready for you to live in.

Things were different in Cresap's day. Through the

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP

western part of the State stretched mile after mile of forest. There were no roads, only Indian trails leading through the forests of giant trees. The woods were full of wolves, and bears, and wild cats. And tribes of Indians wandered about, hunting and making war.

On a bright Spring morning the Cresaps started out. Besides himself there were the mother and two or three



FORT FREDERICK

From a sketch in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

little children. The eldest boy, Daniel, walked behind his father, leading a horse on which were packed their blankets, kettles, pans and food. Thomas Cresap went first, leading a couple of horses loaded in the same way.

He was dressed like an Indian. His blouse or shirt was made of deer skin, and he wore leather leggings and moccasins. He even carried a tomahawk and a knife,

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besides his rifle. On the back of one of the pack-horses was another rifle and a store of powder, and lead for bullets.

At the end of the line came Mrs. Cresap, on horseback, with the two younger children. They said good-bye to their friends and started off, cheerful and happy, into the wilderness. All day long they saw squirrels and rabbits. Every now and then they would see a fox or a flock of wild turkeys. And they even saw the tracks of a bear.

At nightfall, just before they reached the cabin of a frontiersman where they were going to sleep, they heard far off the dismal howling of wolves. The horses snorted and pricked up their ears. The babies clung closer to their mother. And Cresap looked carefully at his rifles to make sure that they were all ready for use.

For some time they found cabins where they could sleep at night. But there came a day when the father told them they had passed the last of those cabins. For the rest of their journey they would have to camp out at night.

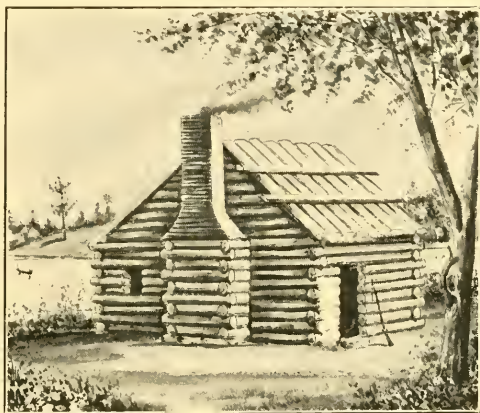
That same day, at a turn in the path, they came upon a party of ten Indians. Luckily they were friendly Indians on a hunting party, and after a few words of greeting they passed on.

That night the family halted early. Dan and his father gathered a lot of wood from under the trees. They started a good fire and cooked their supper as the sun went down. They washed their pans and dishes in

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP

a little stream beside the camp, and then made ready for bed. Wrapped up in warm blankets, they lay down with their feet to the fire and slept safely till morning.

At length they reached the place where they were going to make their home. Here work began in earnest. Remember, they were in the midst of the forest. There were no open fields around them, but only trees, trees everywhere. They unpacked the



LOG CABIN

loads on the horses and built themselves a camp near a spring. Then Thomas Cresap took his axe in his hand and began to fell the trees.

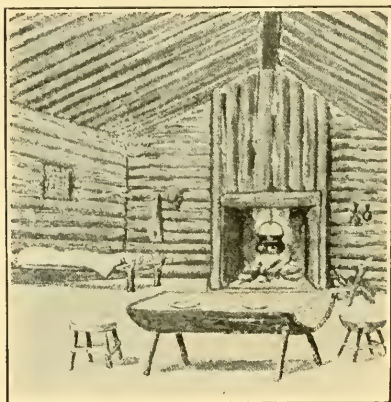
He had to do what all of these backwoodsmen did. To build their houses or cabins they would first have to cut down the trees to make a clearing in the midst of the forest. With their axes they would cut the trees into logs, and of the logs, plastered together with clay, would build a one-storied, one-roomed hut. A chimney of rough stones or logs and clay at one end, on the outside of the

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cabin, led up from the fireplace where they cooked. A few blocks of wood served as tables and chairs, and skins of bears and other wild animals, laid on the floor or in bunks, served as their beds.

They lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. The game they ate, and the skins they carried in the autumn to the settlements to the eastward to exchange them for groceries, cloth, powder, balls and shot, and all the other things that

a frontiersman needed. They lived surrounded by wild Indians who often attacked them. They wore clothing of skins, and moccasin such as the Indians wore. They even learned to fight Indian fashion with tomahawk and knife as well as with rifle.

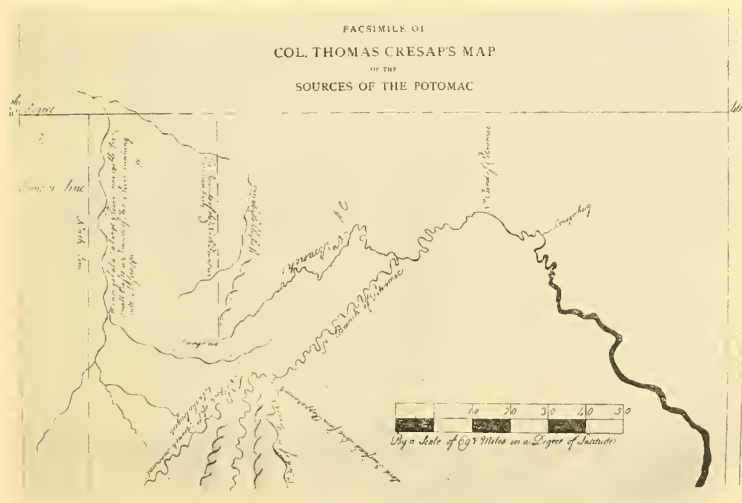


INTERIOR OF LOG CABIN

Shortly after the arrival of the Cresaps in their new home, their youngest son, Michael, was born. While Michael was growing up, his father cleared more and more of the forest until, at length, he had a fine farm. He built himself a large house and surrounded it with a stockade. Here he and the other pioneers, who began to settle in the neighborhood, would take refuge when the Indians went on the war-path.

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP

This hardy old man lived to be more than a hundred years of age, and was active up to the last. He had received no education as a youth because of his poverty. But he had educated himself so well that he was even commissioned by Lord Baltimore to survey the western



CRESAP'S MAP

From a drawing in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

boundary of Maryland. You can see the very map that he made in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.

Thomas Cresap entertained Washington at his home in Old Town, and indeed he was noted for his hospitality. He welcomed all travelers at his house, even hunting parties of Indians as well as whites. It is said he had a huge kettle and ladle for the Indians to use when they

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visited him, and always gave them a whole ox. Because of this generosity the Indians named him Big-spoon.

Michael Cresap grew up on his father's farm until he was old enough to go to school. He was sent to a school in Baltimore County, but he seems to have longed to get back to his life in the open air. At any rate he ran away, and traveled all the way to his home alone. One hundred and fifty miles it was, and at the end of his journey what happened? His father whipped him soundly and sent him back to school. This time he staid at school until he had finished his studies.

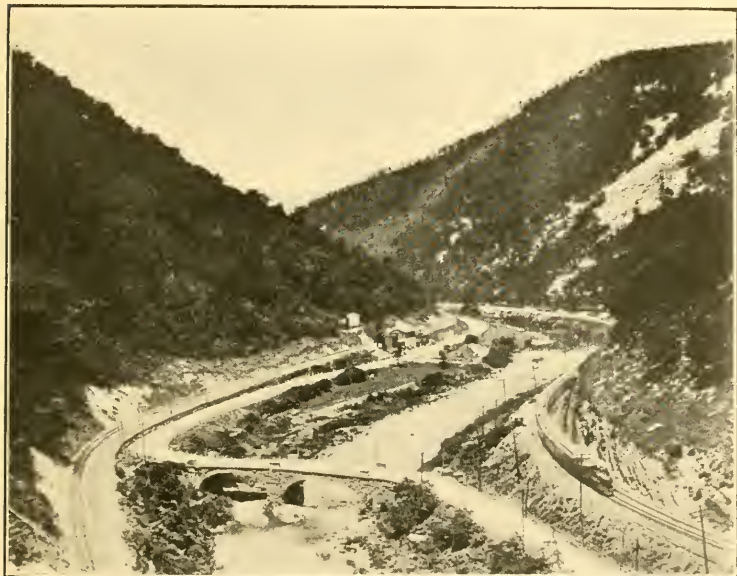
He began life as an Indian trader, but did not succeed. And besides, the longing to go out into the wilderness came to him as it had come to his father. He made his way, with six or seven young men whom he hired, into the Ohio wilderness. There they began to make homes for themselves.

In the meanwhile the Indians were being pressed farther and farther to the west by the advancing whites. Nor did they like it. They began to wonder what would become of them as the white man kept pressing onward. Added to this the Indians had learned to drink whisky, "fire-water" as they called it, and when drunk would often do deeds of barbarous cruelty. All the region along the Ohio River was in an uneasy state, and many settlers and traders were murdered. An Indian war was threatening.

Michael Cresap was cautious and prudent, and tried in every way to avoid trouble with the savages. He

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP

understood their nature thoroughly and had had a great many dealings with them in peace and in war. Therefore, when the war broke out, he was chosen as the fittest leader the whites could have. Many farmers, hunters



THE NARROWS AT CUMBERLAND
Pathway to the West

and pioneers flocked together at Wheeling and put themselves under his command.

There was in the neighborhood the camp of an Indian chief named Logan. He had long been friendly to the whites, and was a noble looking, noble-minded savage, until he became debased by drunkenness. A battle took

MARYLAND

place between the warriors of his camp and some whites, and several Indians were killed. Michael Cresap and his band took no part in this fight, yet he has been wrongly blamed for it. This was the signal for a war that broke out on all sides. Logan went on the warpath, and many whites were massacred.

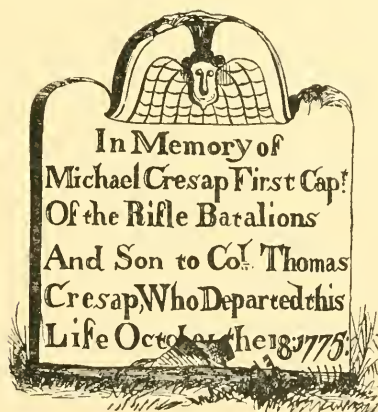
But not long afterwards the Indians were defeated in a bloody battle at a place called Point Pleasant. After this they made peace. Logan did not enter into this peace, and still laid on Cresap the blame for the murder of his relatives. He wandered about in the wilderness until he was killed by an Indian enemy.

In the meanwhile the Revolutionary War had broken out between the colonies and Great Britain. Cresap learned, on reaching home, that the Committee of Safety at Frederick had appointed him captain of one of the two companies of Maryland riflemen who were going to the war.

This was in June, 1775. He soon had his company organized. There were "upwards of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting shirts and moccasins." They set off on their journey, and in twenty-two days, after a march of more than five hundred miles over rough roads, arrived at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the ninth of August. They were stationed at Roxbury, to the south of Boston, where, with their rifles, they would pick off at long range any of the enemy that exposed themselves.

THOMAS AND MICHAEL CRESAP

Captain Cresap was still in bad health, and so, after serving three months, he got leave to return to his home. But his illness increased, and he had to stop in New York, where he died of a fever on October 18, 1775. He was only three and thirty years of age, but those years had been full of adventure and full of endeavor. He was buried with military honors in Trinity churchyard.



SKETCH OF TABLET IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

VI

INDIAN MASSACRES

IN our second story we read about the Indians, and learned how they disappeared in time from Maryland. But that was true only of those in the east. In the western part of the colony the Indians lived for many years, and gave the settlers much trouble.

The time when the danger from the Indians was greatest was when Michael Cresap and his father were living. This was not many years before the Revolution. France and England were at war at that time for five or six years. This is called the French and Indian War. Both sides had Indian allies. On the side of the French were the Algonquins, on the side of the English the Iroquois.

Both France and England wanted to possess America. England claimed the continent as far as it went to the west, although no one knew how far that was. But something was known of this western wilderness even then.

French discoverers had made their way far up the St. Lawrence river. And they had sailed down the Mississippi to its mouth. So that France claimed all the central part of the continent. The French built forts eastward and the English westward into the Alleghany mountains.

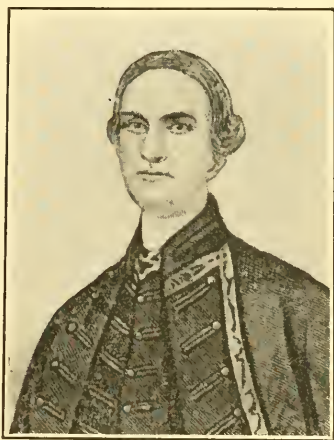
INDIAN MASSACRES

They drew nearer and nearer together. At last France and England had to fight to drive each other back.

The French had built Fort Du Quesne where Pittsburg now stands. The English had a stronghold at Fort Cumberland where is now the city of Cumberland. French soldiers, with their cruel Indian allies, might at any time march into the western part of Maryland. They would kill the settlers and conquer the colony.

Forts ought to be built and troops raised to drive the Frenchmen back. But to do these things money was needed. Governor Sharpe did his best to raise money and supplies. But the Maryland Legislature was mean and stingy. They almost refused to grant Governor Sharpe anything. They gave him very little, and higgled and bargained over that little until Governor Sharpe hardly knew what to do.

In the meantime England sent over to Maryland an army of a thousand men. General Edward Braddock was in command of this army. They were good soldiers, well armed, and General Braddock was a brave commander. But neither the general nor the men knew anything about



GOVERNOR HORATIO SHARPE

MARYLAND

Indian warfare. That was where the fatal trouble arose.

Even then matters would most likely have gone all right, if General Braddock had listened to the advice of Washington and other brave Americans who were with him. They had fought against Indians and knew their ways. But General Braddock was an obstinate man. He thought that he knew best and would not listen to Washington.



GENERAL BRADDOCK

This army was going to try to capture Fort Duquesne. But General Braddock seemed to think it did not matter how slow he was in getting there. His army marched only two or three miles a day, and stopped to build a road as

they went along. And all this time Indian bands swarmed into the western part of the colony. They burned the houses, and killed men, women and children.

At length the English army came almost in sight of Fort Duquesne. They were marching over mountains and through thick forests. Washington begged General Braddock to send the American soldiers in advance. He

INDIAN MASSACRES

knew the forest would be full of Indians. He wanted to lead his own soldiers ahead to drive the Indians away. But General Braddock said no.

It was a hot day in July. The army marched along as if on parade. The flags were flying, the music was playing. The bright red coats of the British soldiers shone in the sunlight. Presently they entered a deep ravine. All at once a shot rang out and a British soldier fell. Then rifle shots sounded on all sides. The Indians were attacking.

The British soldiers were all crowded together. They fired into the woods, but could not see the Indians. The Indians, hidden behind trees, and bushes, and rocks, had the soldiers' bright red coats as targets. More than half of the British were killed, and General Braddock was mortally wounded.

The American riflemen fought from behind trees and rocks, in Indian fashion. Washington had two horses killed under him, and four balls passed through his coat. But he was not hurt. What was left of the army fled to



GEORGE WASHINGTON, COLONEL
VIRGINIA MILITIA

*From photograph in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

MARYLAND

Fort Cumberland. But the British refused to stay there, and soon after went to Philadelphia.

And now the whole of western Maryland was at the mercy of the Indians. The settlers, as fast as they could, fled to Fort Cumberland and the block houses they had



FORT CUMBERLAND 1755

FORT CUMBERLAND

From a print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

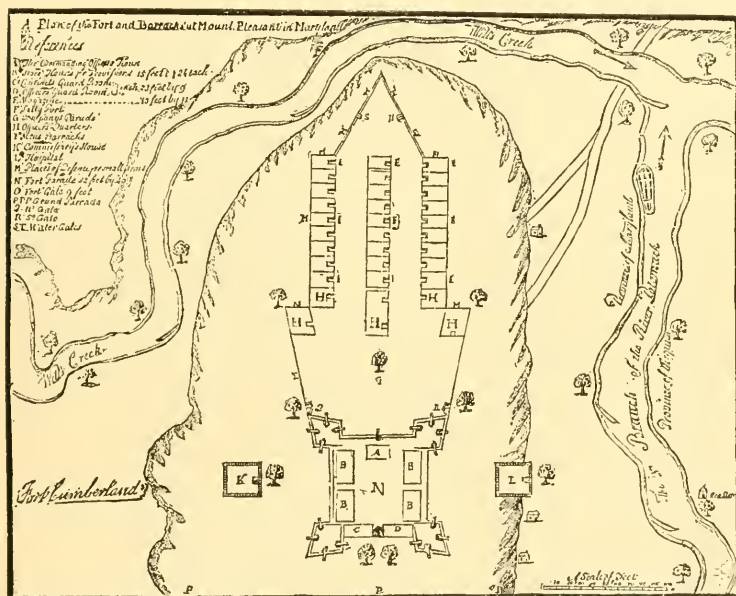
built. But many of them were killed before they could get there.

The "Maryland Gazette," day after day, published such news as this:

"By a person who arrived in town [Annapolis] last Monday, from Col. Cresap's, we are told that last

INDIAN MASSACRES

Wednesday morning the Indians had taken a man prisoner who was going to Fort Cumberland from Frazier's, and had also carried off a woman from Frazier's plantation, which is four miles on this side Fort Cumberland.



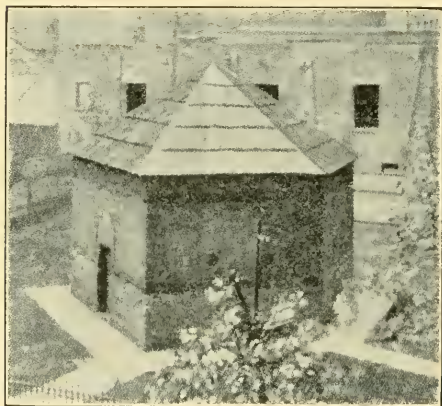
PLAN OF FORT CUMBERLAND IN 1755

The same morning they fell in with a man and his wife who had left their plantations and were retiring into the more populous parts of the country; they shot the horse on which the man rid, but as it did not fall immediately, he made his escape; the woman, it is supposed, fell into

MARYLAND

their hands, as neither she nor the horse on which she was riding have been since seen or heard of."

On a farm in Frederick County there lived a man named Benjamin Rogers with his wife and seven children. On a night in the October after Braddock's defeat they were all sleeping soundly in their cabin. All at once the



BLOCKHOUSE

A Remnant of Fort Duquesne at Pittsburgh

father was awakened by a gentle tapping at the window.

He got out of bed quietly to see what was the matter. He did not open the door. He was afraid it might be Indians trying to surprise them. He looked out through a loop-hole and saw a white

man standing by the window. Then he opened the door.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"The Indians are coming," whispered the man. Then the messenger hurried on to warn the settlers in the next cabin four or five miles away.

There was no time to be lost. Mr. Rogers quickly woke his wife and children, and they started off to the nearest stockade. Mrs. Rogers rode on their horse. She carried

INDIAN MASSACRES

the baby in her arms, and nursed it to keep it from crying. In front of her were the two little children. The four older children walked.

Mary and Tom and Joe walked with their father in front. The eldest boy, Ben, led the horse. Mr. Rogers had his rifle, and Ben carried one, too. They went along quietly through the thick woods. The two little girls were so sleepy that they could hardly sit on the horse.

They had come to within less than a mile of the fort. All at once a rifle shot sounded and Mr. Rogers fell to the ground dead. Then the Indians burst out of the woods all around them. Ben put his rifle to his shoulder, but before he could fire an Indian tomahawked him. Mrs. Rogers dug her heels into the horse and tried to escape. But another Indian caught the horse's bridle and stopped her.



AN ATTACK BY THE INDIANS

There they were, prisoners. The Indians scalped Mr. Rogers and Ben, and hurried away with the mother and the little children. They carried them far off into the Ohio wilderness. What became of them? Nobody knows.

MARYLAND

Mrs. Rogers may have been tortured and killed. The baby very likely died on the journey. The little children may have been sold to the Frenchmen. Or, perhaps, the Indians adopted them into their tribe. In that case they would grow up as Indians. They would marry Indian wives and husbands and live the life of the savages.



INDIAN BOY LEARNING TO SHOOT

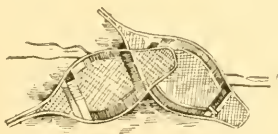
Sometimes the Indians would reach a cabin before the messenger could get there. They would set fire to the house and murder the settler and his wife. They would cruelly kill the little children, and carry off the older ones into captivity. Sometimes they would leave not a single soul alive.

The Indians several times tried to capture Fort Cumberland. There was a blood-thirsty chief among them named Kill-buck. He and his warriors formed a plan to capture the fort and kill all who were in it. They said they were friends of the English, and that they wanted to make peace, to "bury the hatchet." So they asked

INDIAN MASSACRES

to be allowed to enter the fort. The commandant pretended to believe them and opened the gates. But as soon as Kill-buck and a few of his warriors had entered, the gates were shut. The chiefs were then dressed in women's clothes and driven out. The soldiers laughed at them and called them squaws. To the proud savages this was almost worse than being killed.

At length peace was declared between France and England, and then the massacres ceased. This was the end of Indian wars in Maryland. The Indians must not be too much blamed. They fought in the manner of all their race. As long as it was a question of the Maryland settlers on one side and the Indians on the other, we have seen that but little trouble arose. It was only when two nations of whites, fighting against each other, took savage Indians for their allies, that the settlers suffered the worst cruelties of Indian warfare.



VII

MASTER AND SERVANT

YOU must remember that in the days when Maryland was first settled, as now, Englishmen were divided into distinct classes. There were the aristocracy and nobility, the middle class of merchants, and the artisans and laborers. Not a few gentlemen, members of noble families, came to the New World. But of course most of the settlers were artisans, laborers and farmers.

When they arrived in the colony they all became, rich and poor alike, farmers. Even those who had a trade—blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers—were obliged to cultivate their fields and gardens. For the first thing the settlers had to think of, after getting a roof to sleep under, was food.

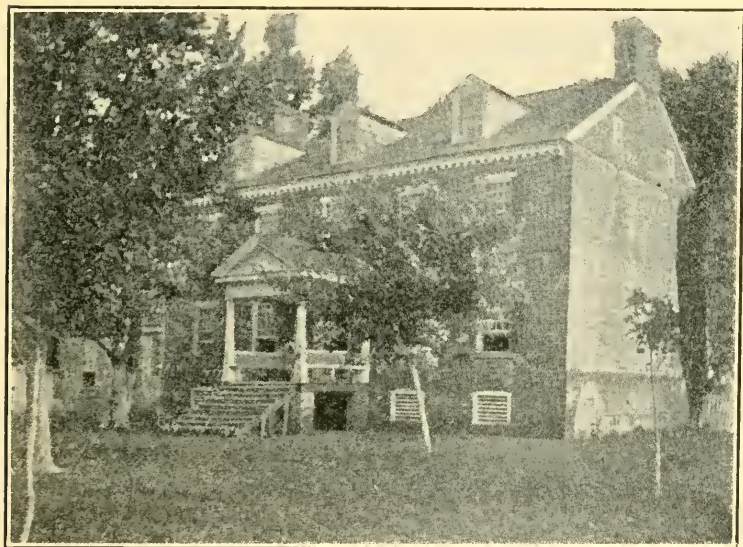
Except that they all became farmers the settlers were not alike. To the gentlemen who were rich Lord Baltimore granted large estates. Many of them received a thousand acres of land. Some few received as much even as twenty thousand acres. But most of the settlers received homesteads of from fifty to one hundred acres. Every estate, large or small, had to pay Lord Baltimore a small sum, called a quit rent, yearly.

You must not think that the gentlemen received large estates just because they were rich. Not at all. What

MASTER AND SERVANT

a man received depended on what he could do to help the colony. Of course what the colony needed most of all was men and women.

A man who had only enough money to pay for his own, and perhaps his wife's, passage to the New World received



WARWICK FORT MANOR HOUSE, DORCHESTER COUNTY

only a small farm. But a man who was rich enough to pay the expenses of ten or twenty settlers besides himself received a large estate. These large estates were called manors.

Thus one of the early laws passed in the colony said that

MARYLAND

a manor should be granted to anyone "who should bring with him from England twenty able-bodied men, each armed with a musket, a sword and belt, a bandelier and flask, ten pounds of powder, and forty pounds of bullets and shot."

I suppose most of you have heard an estate in your county called "the manor." Do you know what a manor was? In early times it was a kind of little government within the government of the colony. The owner of the estate and the freemen who rented farms from him governed themselves. Of course they had to obey Lord Baltimore's laws. But they held some courts of law, and they punished thieves, poachers and other evil-doers.

On the manor there was the great house where the owner and his family lived. Nearby was a chapel. Around the manor house were barns, stables, smoke-houses and the cabins of negro slaves. And lying a mile or two apart were the small houses where tenant farmers lived. The manor had its own blacksmith shop and its own mill. It was a little world in itself.

These planters and farmers were the masters. Who were the servants* of the colony? Most of them were called redemptioners. Some of them were convicts. Robert Louis Stevenson, in a story called "Kidnapped,"

*The teacher should make it clear that the word servant as used here is not synonymous with domestic servant, as is now a common usage. The word means one bound to service. A servant might be a farm laborer, a mechanic, an apprentice, etc.

MASTER AND SERVANT

tells how a boy named David Balfour was kidnapped on board a ship in Scotland. The captain was to take him to America and sell him to a planter. When you read the story you will find that David made his escape. If he had not done so he would have become a redemptioner.

Let us suppose the ship has arrived at St. Mary's or



KENT FORT MANOR

some other port in Maryland. The Captain takes David, and a score more of young men and women, ashore. The planters have come to town on hearing of the arrival of the ship. Captain Hoseason tells them the news of all that is going on in England and in Europe. After some friendly talk they begin business.

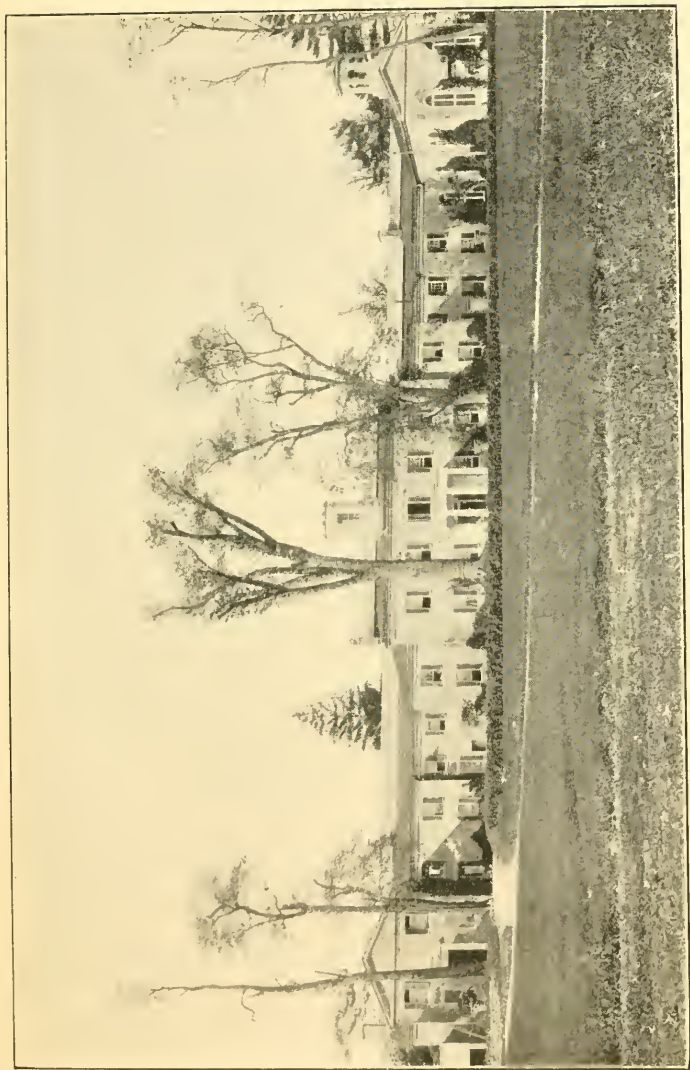
MARYLAND

The captain wants to know how much tobacco and other stuff the planters have to load his ship. The planters want to know what sort of goods Captain Hoseason has brought over to trade. Presently the captain tells them he has twenty strong young men and three young women with him. The planters are very much interested in this. They all go off to where David and his companions are waiting. And presently David finds that he has been sold to one of the planters.

You must not think that David was sold as a slave. He was only sold for four years. At the end of that time he would be free again. But during that time he had to serve his master, and received no wages except his food and clothing. He had to work on his master's farm hoeing corn and tobacco, feeding pigs, and harvesting the crops.

You must not think either that all of David's companions had been kidnapped. They had come to Maryland of their own free will. Many times it happened that a man or woman in England wanted to try his fortunes in the New World, but had not money enough to pay for his passage and outfit.

In such case he would bargain with the captain or owner of a ship bound for the colonies to take him over without charge. On arriving, as we have seen, the captain of the vessel would sell him, or rather his services, to some planter for a term of two, three, or four years. The money received would go to pay for his passage.



DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, HOWARD COUNTY

MARYLAND

These redemptioners were as a class honest and hard-working men and women. Some of them were educated gentlemen and were employed to teach the planters' children. The women very often were married to their masters or some other of the freemen of the colony.

These indentured servants were usually treated kindly. When they had served their time they received by law "one cap or hat, one new cloth or frieze suit, one shirt, one pair shoes and stockings, one axe, one broad and one narrow hoe, fifty acres land, and three barrels of corn." Sometimes they received more than this if they had served a generous master well. In any case they had enough to make a good start in life.

The other servants in the colony were convicts. In our days a convict is a very wicked man who has committed burglary or forgery, perhaps, or even murder. But in those days punishments were much severer than they are now. A man might be sent to the gallows for stealing a few shillings. Even a woman might be hanged for stealing a loaf of bread for her starving children.

Many persons thought these laws too severe. So that very often a man or woman sentenced to death would have his sentence commuted. That is, instead of being hanged he would be sent to one of the colonies and sold to a master for seven or fourteen years.

Some of the men thus transported were not common criminals at all, but were political offenders. Not a few were Jacobites who were taken prisoners while fighting to

MASTER AND SERVANT

place James the Pretender on the English throne. Several ship-loads, mostly Scotchmen, were sent to Maryland. They were far from being an undesirable class of settlers. Not a few, with their descendants, have taken a prominent part in the history of the State.

Of the negro slaves but little need be said. There were a few slaves in the colony from its beginning. They were a race apart from all others. The laws regulated their treatment, and cruelty in a master was punished, but, unlike the other servants, they never regained their freedom unless the master freed them of his own accord.



VIII

GERMANS AND FRENCH

DID you ever stop to think how many different nationalities there are in America? In Maryland to-day there are men from nearly every country of the globe. Yet they are nearly all true Americans and loyal Marylanders.

The earliest settlers in our State were, of course, Englishmen. But at a very early date men of other nations began to come to the colony. It was only about thirty years after the settlement of St. Mary's that citizens were naturalized in Maryland for the first time. Being naturalized meant that, though they were foreign born, they should have the same rights as Englishmen.

These naturalized citizens were Augustine Herman and his family. Herman was a Bohemian born in Prague. He came to Maryland by a sort of accident. Lord Baltimore got into a dispute with the people of Manhattan (New York) and Peter Stuyvesant, the governor of Manhattan, sent Augustine Herman to Maryland as his agent.

Herman liked the country so well when he travelled through it that he decided to stay. He made a bargain with Lord Baltimore. He agreed to make a map of the province in exchange for the grant of a manor.

GERMANS AND FRENCH

Lord Baltimore gave him five thousand acres on the Elk river. Herman called his estate Bohemia Manor. He increased it to twenty thousand acres. This made his estate about half as large as the District of Columbia.

He built a great house where he lived in state. He had one of the very few carriages in the colony, and used to ride about in a coach-and-four with liveried servants. He must have seemed a very prince to the poor backwoodsman living in his log cabin. But indeed it must have been easier to go on horseback or on foot, than to jolt over the rough roads of those days in a heavy old-fashioned coach.

The map he made is now in the British Museum. It was a very good map for those days. But on the northwest corner of it he marked the Alleghany mountains, near Cumberland, and says, "These mighty high and great Mountaines . . . is supposed to be the very middle Ridg of Northern America." This shows how



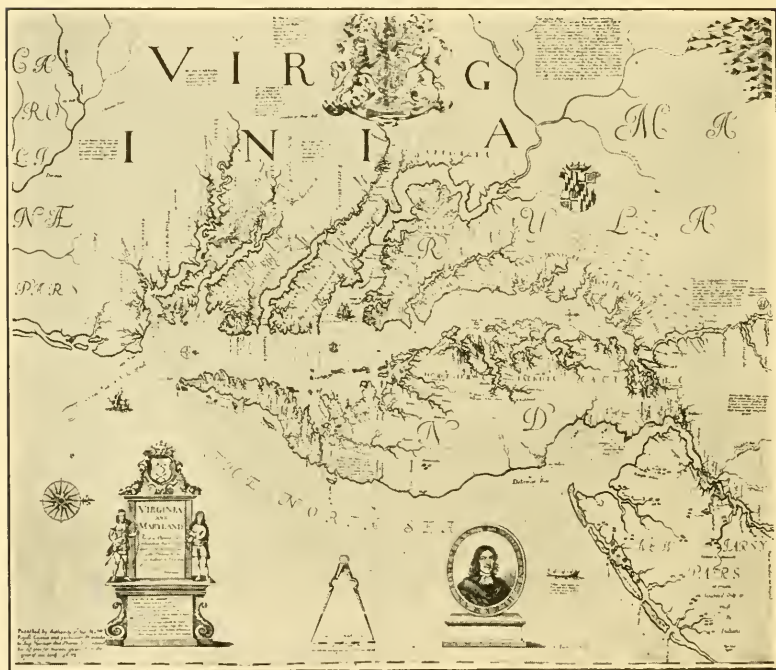
AUGUSTINE HERMAN

*From print in the possession of the Maryland
Historical Society*

MARYLAND

little was then known of the vast continent stretching westward to the Pacific.

But you will remember that in story number five we



HERMAN'S MAP OF MARYLAND

From a copy of the original in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

saw how the pioneers were opening up the West. In Maryland many of these western settlers were Germans who came from the country along the river Rhine.

GERMANS AND FRENCH

At about the time of the reign of Queen Anne of England, long and bloody wars were fought in Europe. Many parts of Germany were so laid waste that the poor people could hardly keep themselves alive. And besides, many of them were persecuted because of their religious belief.

These poor, persecuted Germans turned their eyes to the New World. There a man need only work to live in plenty. And was it not natural that they should turn their steps towards Maryland? There was a land whose laws expressly said that no one should be "troubled or molested" for his religion.

So it was that many of them came to America. They landed in New York, and from there made their way into Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. It was almost exactly one hundred years after the first settlement that they began to come to Maryland.

They were a God-fearing, thrifty, industrious people. They were the kind of settlers the colony needed, and so



JOHN THOMAS SCHLEY

MARYLAND

the Governor offered them land. They settled near what is now the town of Frederick, and ten years after their coming they laid out that town.

Their leader was a schoolmaster, John Thomas Schley. He it was who built the first house in Frederick. He



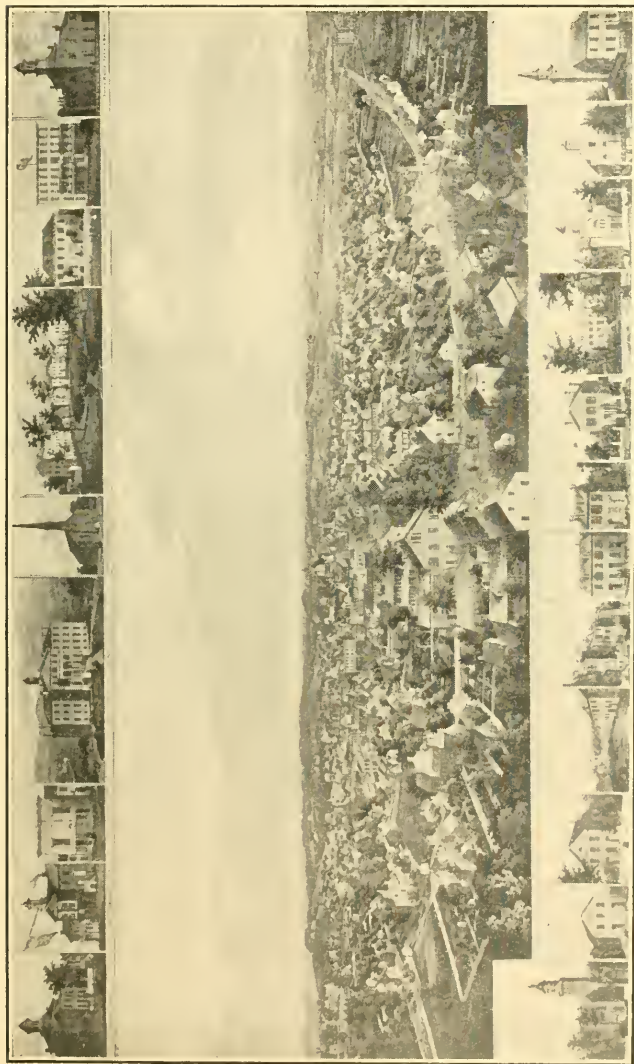
WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

taught the children of the settlement, and in every way worked for the welfare of the colony. He has many descendants in the State, and one of them you have all heard of, Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, who won renown in the war with Spain.

Four years after the arrival of this colony another, led by Jonathan Hagar, entered western Maryland. This leader laid out a town which he named Elizabeth Town, after his wife, but

the people soon gave it the name which it now bears, Hagerstown.

Many other settlements followed these two, and western Maryland before many years was filled with neat little



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HAGERSTOWN

From an old print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

MARYLAND

towns and well kept farms. These German settlers were sober, industrious and frugal. They built up a trade with Baltimore that steadily grew, and flourishes to this day. Their goods were carried at first on strings of six or eight pack-horses, and later in the large covered carts called Conestoga wagons.

They gave very queer names to their settlements and



CONESTOGA WAGON

farms. The Englishmen in the eastern part of the colony called their manors by such names as Evelinton, Kent Fort, or White Hall. Some of the names which the Germans gave are Hagar's Delight, Small Bit, Jacob's Loss and Found It Out.

These names bring to mind the name Acadia, another country whose persecuted people came to Maryland.

GERMANS AND FRENCH

The poet Longfellow has told the story of the Acadians in his poem *Evangeline*.^{*} When you are older I hope you will read this poem for yourselves.

Acadia was a part of Nova Scotia, and the people were French. But France had been compelled to give up Nova Scotia to the English. France and England were at war for a long time, but the Acadians for the most part took no part in the war. But they did not like their English rulers and gave them some trouble. So the English determined that the Acadians must leave their country.

Thousands of them were driven on board of ships to be sent away. They were not allowed to take their property with them, and their crops were burned before their eyes. In the hurry and confusion friends were separated. Even parents and children were put on ships bound for different places and never saw each other again.

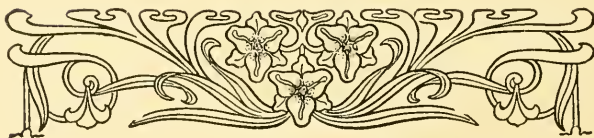
Nine hundred of them came to Maryland, but they were not received kindly. The French and Indian war was going on, and the people of Maryland did not know, or did not remember, that the French Acadians had taken no part in it. Five vessels with the Acadians on board arrived at Annapolis. One ship-load remained at that place, one was sent to the Patuxent River, one to Oxford, one to Wicomico, and one to Baltimore.

In most cases they were received unwillingly and treated with unkindness. Those sent to Oxford, however,

^{*}Francis Parkman, in *Harper's Magazine*, vol. 69, gives a brief account of the Acadian tragedy.

MARYLAND

were befriended by Henry Callister, a merchant of that town, who spent all his fortune in caring for them. Those sent to Baltimore were treated with charity. By their industry these last, before long, were able to build themselves houses in a part of the city that was called French Town. Many of them prospered, and their descendants have become respected citizens of the State. Theirs was the first Catholic Church in Baltimore.



IX

TWO EARLY ACCOUNTS OF THE PROVINCE

IN a story before this we have told about indentured servants, redemptioners. One of them, named George Alsop, came to the colony from London in the earliest days of the colony. He wrote an account of the province, and also described his life in letters to his father and friends in England. He was about twenty years old at the time, and had served an apprenticeship of two years in London. He was indentured to Thomas Stockett and went to live with him on his estate in Baltimore County.

Reports had been spread in England that servants in Maryland had to work very hard, and were ill-treated. So that people hesitated to come to the province. A certain John Hammond had published an account of Virginia and Maryland, called "Leah and Rachel." In his book he praised the lot of the redemptioners, but still they did not come over fast enough. So it is very likely that George Alsop wrote his account, at Lord Baltimore's request, to persuade servants to come. He may have been paid for writing it.

He begins by calling Maryland, "drest in her green and fragrant Mantle of the Spring," the lanescape of creation.

MARYLAND

He says, "Within her doth dwell so much of variety, so much of natural plenty, that there is not any thing . . . rare but it inhabits within this plentiful soyle."

His spelling is rather funny, is it not? But indeed every one spelled badly in those days.



GEORGE ALSOP

*From a print in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

He speaks of the abundance of game, and says that at one time in his master's house there were "four score Venisons, besides plenty of other provisions." There were only seven in the family, and they had so much venison that in time they would rather eat plain bread. He saw hundreds of wild turkeys in flight in the woods and "millionous multitudes" of water-fowl.

He speaks of the freedom of religious worship, and says that "here every man lives quietly, and follows his labour and imployment" as he desires. "A man may walk in the open Woods as secure . . . as in his own house." There were no common alehouses, he says, and no prisons, because they were not needed. "The Son works as well as the Servant, . . . so that

A
C H A R A C T E R
Of the PROVINCE of
MARY-LAND,

Wherein is Described in four distinct
Parts, (*Viz.*)

- I. *The Scituation, and plenty of the Province.*
- II. *The Laws, Customs, and natural Demeanor of the Inhabitant.*
- III. *The worst and best Usage of a Mary-Land Servant, opened in view.*
- IV. *The Traffique, and Vendable Commodities of the Countrey.*

ALSO

A small Treatise on the Wilde and
Naked INDIANS (or *Susquebanokes*)
of *Mary-Land*, their Customs, Man-
ners, Absurdities, & Religion.

Together with a Collection of Histo-
rical LETTERS.

By GEORGE ALSOP.

London, Printed by T. J. for Peter Dring,
at the sign of the Sun in the *Poultry*; 1666.

MARYLAND

before they eat their bread, they are commonly taught how to earn it."

As to his lot as a redemptioner he says, "The four years I served were not to me so slavish as a two years . . . Apprenticeship . . . in London." Five days and a half in the summer weeks the servant worked. For two months in midsummer he rested three hours in the middle of the day in the house. In the three winter months, December, January and February, servants did no work but cut wood. They could go hunting if they wished. Women servants very often found husbands, says Alsop. The author of "Leah and Rachel" denies that women were made to work in the fields.

The three principal articles of trade in the colony were "tobacco, furs and flesh"—tobacco the chief of the three. It is curious, but Alsop does not speak of Indian corn. Between November and January twenty or more vessels from Europe would bring silks, hollands, serges and broadcloths to be exchanged for tobacco. The New England traders carried away ship-loads of pork. There was considerable trade with Barbadoes also.

In letters to his father and friends he speaks of his comfortable life and of the quiet happiness of the people of the colony. But he advises a friend, "Mr. M. F.," that if he send any adventure of trade to the province, to see to it that his agent "be a man of a Brain, otherwise the Planter will go near to make a Skimming-dish of his Skull." For the Marylanders "are a more acute people

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in general, in matters of Trade and Commerce, then in any other place of the World, and by their crafty and sure bargaining, do often over-reach the raw and unexperienced Merchant." We shall see presently how one English merchant was thus over-reached. Alsop probably returned to England when his four years of service were over.

Another Englishman, Ebenezer Cook, a tobacco buyer, or as he calls himself a "sot-weed factor," came to Maryland in the year 1700 with a ship-load of goods. He wrote an account in verse of what befell him, and we will let him tell his own story. After speaking of a painful and stormy voyage he says:

"We plough'd the Bay,
To Cove it in Piscato-way,
Intending there to open Store,
I put myself and Goods a-shoar:
Where soon repair'd a numerous Crew,
In Shirts and Drawers of Scotch-cloth Blue,
With neither Stockings, Hat nor Shooe.
These Sot-weed Planters Crowd the Shoar,
In hue as tawny as a Moor."

He crossed the river in a "Canoo, a Vessel . . . fashioned like a Trough for Swine." He was very much afraid of falling. So he stood up with his legs stretched far apart. He heard the howling of wolves and was badly scared. But he recovered from his fright when he heard a woman calling to a youth to drive home a herd of cattle. He went home with the boy and was made welcome by

superior to THE
Sot-weed Factor:
Or, a Voyage to
MARYLAND.
A
SATYR.

In which is describ'd,
The Laws, Government, Courts and
Constitutions of the Country; and also the
Buildings, Feasts, Frolicks, Entertainments
and Drunken Humours of the Inhabitants of
that Part of *America*.

In Burlesque Verse.

By *Eben. Cook*, Gent.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row. 1702. (*Price 6d.*)

MARYLAND

the master of the house. He and the company drank
eider until supper was put on the table, when

“After hearty Entertainment
Of Drink and Victuals without payment;
For Planters’ Tables, you must know,
Are free for all that come and go.
While Pon and Milk, with Mush well stoar’d
In Wooden Dishes grac’d the Board;
With Homine and Syder-pap,
(Which scarce a hungry dog would lap)
Well stuff’d with Fat from Bacon fry’d,
Or with Mollossus dulcify’d.
Then out our Landlord pulls a Pouch
As greasy as the Leather Couch
On which he sat, and straight begun
To load with Weed his Indian Gun.”*
* * * * *
“His Pipe smoak’d out, with awful Grace,
* * * * *
The reverend Sire walks to a Chest,
Of all his Furniture the best,
From whence he hugs a Cag of Rum.”

The visitor evidently showed that he did not like the native food, for his host told him that in time he would be glad to get it though his stomach was then so fine. Presently he was shown to bed by a servant maid. She tells him she is indentured for four years, and that she spends her time in working bare-foot in the fields, in weeding corn and in feeding swine. He got into his bed which

*That is, he began to fill his pipe with tobacco.

EARLY ACCOUNTS OF THE PROVINCE

“Made of Feathers soft and good,
Close in the Chimney-corner stood,”

expecting to have a good sleep. But he was soon disturbed by the noise made by a cat, a dog, a pig, and by ducks and geese chased into his room by a fox. To escape all this he went into the orchard to lie till day should come. But the frogs made such a din he had no rest. Presently he heard the hissing of a rattlesnake and was frightened again. He was always being frightened. He climbed into a tree for safety, but even there

“Not yet from Plagues exempted quite,
The curst Muskitoes did me bite;
* * * * *
Till rising Morn and blushing Day.”

He climbed down from his tree and

“Did to Planter’s Booth repair,
And there at Breakfast nobly Fare
On rashier broil’d of infant Bear:
I thought the Cub delicious Meat,
Which ne’er did ought but Chesnuts eat.”

After breakfast he left on the back of his host’s horse and guided by his son. He met some peaceful Indians and, of course, was frightened again. After a while he arrived at “Battle-Town” where court was in session. The inn was full, but Mr. Cook at length found a place to sleep in a corn-loft. In the morning he awoke to find that someone had stolen his shoes, hat, wig and stockings.

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They had been thrown into the fire by some practical joker.

After passing through other adventures he journeyed to the Eastern Shore to try to buy tobacco with the goods he had brought from England. There he met a Quaker who agreed to buy his goods

“for ten thousand weight,
Of Sot-weed good and fit for freight,
* * * * *
In Cask that should contain compleat,
Five hundred of Tobacco neat.”*

Mr. Cook delivered his “truck” from London and went after his tobacco. But he found that the tobacco had already been shipped away, and that the merchant had disappeared. He employed a lawyer and went to have his case tried at Annapolis,

“A City Situate on a Plain,
Where scarce a House will keep out Rain.”

The houses were built of wood, and there was no market place or exchange.

He won his case, but the verdict said he should receive “country pay,” that is, staves, corn and other such articles, for which he had no use. Disgusted he left the town and hurried to a port which he calls “Kicketan” whence the England bound fleet sailed home. There,

*Net, that is, not counting the weight of the cask.

EARLY ACCOUNTS OF THE PROVINCE

“Embarqu’d and waiting for a Wind
I left this dreadful Curse behind.”

I do not believe Ebenezer Cook ever came back to Maryland, do you? He was too fussy and hard to please to get along well in a new land. But it might have done him good to be kidnapped and sent over as a redemptioner for three or four years.

L. O. C.



X

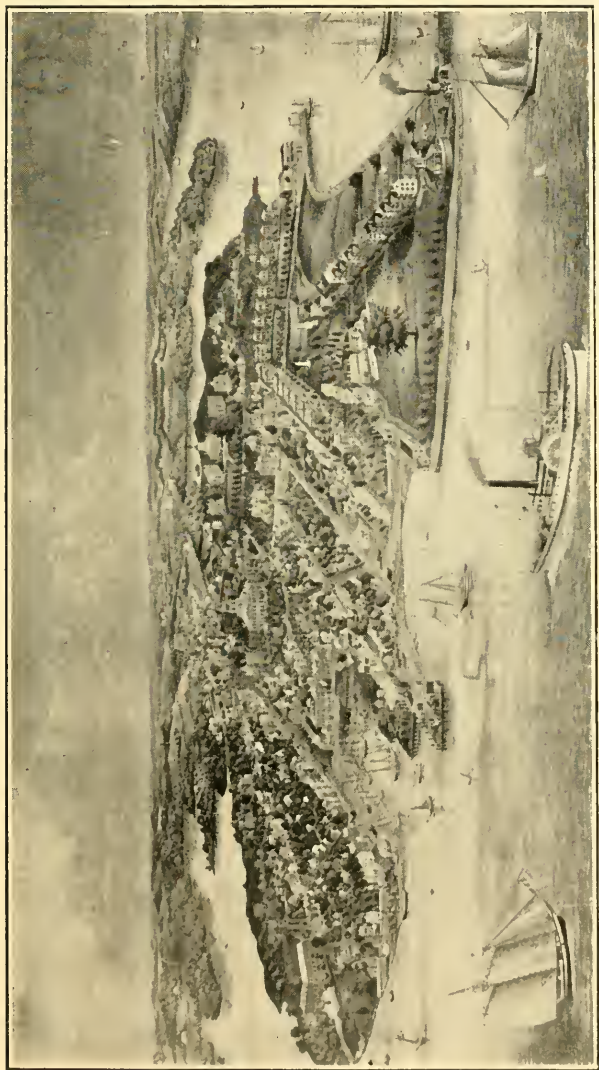
A VISIT TO ANNAPOLIS

WE have come to a time just before the outbreak of the Revolution. It is more than one hundred years since the settlement of St. Mary's. Many changes have taken place in Maryland. Instead of the two or three hundred men who landed from the Ark and the Dove, there are now in the colony two hundred thousand. These men are not all farmers now. Many of them are lawyers and merchants.

Thousands of vessels, every year, bring goods to the colony and carry away corn, provisions, skins, lumber and hemp to England and her colonies. Thousands of barrels of flour and hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat leave Maryland each year. But, above all, ship after ship sails away to England laden with tobacco.

In fact tobacco took the place of money. Everyone grew tobacco because it was used as money, thinking in this way to grow rich. But then the tobacco became so plentiful that it was worth less than before. So that even if a man had grown twice as much of it he was no better off, because he had to give twice as much of it in exchange for other things he wanted.

Tobacco money worked badly in many ways. For instance, suppose a man rented a farm for two thousand



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS

From an old print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

MARYLAND

pounds of tobacco, and suppose so much tobacco was raised that it became worth only half as much as before; then, you see, his landlord was really receiving, in value, only half the rent agreed upon. This was neither fair nor honest. And the same injustice might be done to one working for a salary or for wages.

It would seem very strange to us, would it not, to pay for a horse, not so many dollars, but so many hundred



PROPRIETARY COINS

From photographs of the originals in possession of the Maryland Historical Society

pounds of tobacco? Yet that is just what the colonists did. And everything was paid for in the same way. One reason tobacco was so used was because there was so little gold and silver money in the colony. This does not mean that the colonists were poor. A man may have clothing, food, a good house, books, pictures and the comforts of life, and at the same time have but little money. So it was in Maryland.

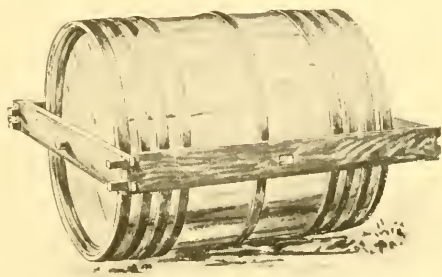
Lord Baltimore had the right to coin money, and at one

A VISIT TO ANNAPOLIS

time he sent out a supply of shillings, sixpences and groats, taking tobacco in exchange. But the people found it convenient to pay their taxes with this money, and so it found its way back again to Lord Baltimore.

Many laws were passed to make people grow less tobacco, but with little good result. As the western part of the State was opened up, however, more corn, wheat and grain was grown, and the evil gradually remedied itself.

On a bright fall morning, more than a hundred years ago, a little boy was watching a ship being loaded with some of this tobacco. His name was Carroll Paca. He lived in a large brick manor



TOBACCO HOGSHEAD, READY FOR ROLLING

house on a place called Evelinton in St. Mary's County. It was near the Patuxent river.

He knew the ship was lying at his father's landing, or wharf, down at the river. So he had gotten up early, before his father and mother were astir, to watch the men at work. The negro slaves fitted axles and shafts to the large hogsheads full of tobacco. Then, singing and shouting, they rolled the hogsheads down a rough narrow "rolling road," as it was called, to the water-side.

Carroll watched them at work until he began to feel

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hungry. Then he made his way back to the house and into the kitchen. At the end of the kitchen was a great brick fire-place. Here a big wood fire was burning and breakfast was cooking.

Across the kitchen fireplace stretched a bar of wood or



COLONIAL CHAIR AND LOW BOY

iron, from which hung chains and pot-hooks of various lengths, holding big and little pots of iron or brass. The things Carroll saw did not look like the ones we use now. Kettles, gridirons, and skillets had long legs to keep them from sinking too deep in the hot coals. Toasting-forks, waffle-irons and such implements had

A VISIT TO ANNAPOLIS

long handles so that the cook might not be too near the blazing heat.

A clean old colored woman, a slave, was just taking her bread out of the oven. It was not an oven like ours, though. This oven was built of brick, and was a sort of little fireplace built alongside of the great one. It was filled with wood which burned until the bricks were thoroughly heated. Then the ashes were raked out and the bread put in.

Carroll hurried to the dining room where his father and mother and sisters were just sitting down to breakfast. There was some fine old oak and mahogany furniture in the room. It had all been brought from England. No furniture was made in the colony except some rough stools and tables that poor people used.

On the sideboard were some silver tankards, and Mrs. Paca had also silver salt cellars, candlesticks and spoons. But Carroll was not thinking of these things. He was more interested in the good things to eat in his pewter plate and porringer on the table.

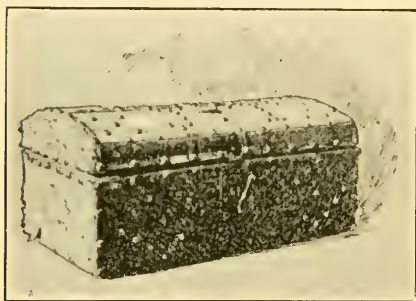
Most of his mother's dishes were made of pewter, though she had some glass and china. Poor people had very little pewter even. They used wooden spoons and flat wooden bowls called trenchers.

Both rich and poor had plenty of food to put in their dishes. Indian corn gave them corn-pone, hoe-cake and hominy. The forests were full of game, and the rivers and Bay were full of fish. Deer, bears, wild turkeys and

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water-fowl abounded. Flocks of ducks a mile wide and seven miles long floated on the waters of the Chesapeake. We do not hear of the early settlers eating either crabs or terrapin, and some of them grumbled because they had to eat oysters at a time when their supply of corn gave out.

Their drinks were cider, apple-jack and peach brandy, besides the rum and wines and tea which they imported.



A SCHOOL-BOY'S TRUNK

They were heavy drinkers, but so were all Englishmen in those days.

Carroll had expected to go to Annapolis with his father that day, but the trip had to be put off. Mr. Paca had a visitor from England

staying with him, and the two gentlemen were going to a fox hunt in Prince George's County. If the run should be long they would not come home at night. They would stay at the house of another planter, and ride home in the morning.

The planters were all the time visiting and entertaining each other. They were open handed and hospitable. Even an inn-keeper had to notify his guests that he intended to charge them for what he served, otherwise he could not collect his bill.

A VISIT TO ANNAPOLIS

So Carroll and his two sisters went to their lessons instead of to Annapolis. Their tutor was an English schoolmaster who had come over as a redemptioner. Mr. Paca had a small library. Most of the planters had none. The children learned to read from their fathers' books.

Learning lessons was not as easy in those days as it is now. The books were hard to understand, and had no pretty pictures to make them interesting. Judge Taney, when a boy, learned to read from Dillworth's Spelling Book and the Bible, the only books his teacher had. And the children were punished very, very often. There could not possibly be a school-room in those days without a bunch of switches or a good hard ruler. No doubt you can all guess how they were used.

To show you how much easier it is to learn now, let me tell you about one little boy. His mother taught him to read out of the Bible. She would sit in her chair, the Bible in her lap. The little boy stood up before her. Of course the book was turned the wrong way for him. But he learned to read that way. And all his life he could hold a book upside down and read it just as well as if it were turned the right way before him.

But what has become of Carroll and his sisters all this while? They finished their lessons, and the girls went to their mother. They had to learn from her how to sew and to knit, to weave and to spin, and to keep house. Carroll went out to watch the men at work. He had to learn how to manage a plantation.

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That night their father came home and promised that the next day they should go to Annapolis. So they took their candles off the table in the great hall and went off happily to bed. Their candles were made from "candle-berries" or bay-berries.



BOY IN COLONIAL CLOTHING

You would wonder at the clothes they took off on going to bed. In those days even little boys and girls dressed like the grown folks. The boys wore open coats, with long tails reaching to the knees. Underneath the coat was a very long waistcoat, buttoned high up. At the neck and wrists were ruffles of linen or lace. They wore knee breeches, silk or cotton

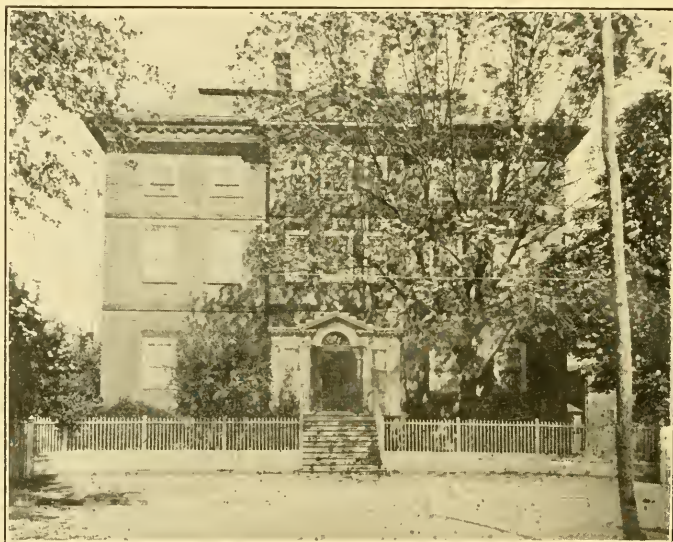
stockings, and low shoes with buckles. Some of the boys even had their heads shaved and wore wigs.

The little girls' dresses were low-necked and short-sleeved. They wore high-heeled shoes. But what strikes us most of all about their dress are the stays, or corsets. These were made of strips of board and steel held together

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by heavy canvas. It must have hurt dreadfully to wear them. The girls' hair was drawn up over a great roll or puff that made their heads "itch & ach & burn like anything," so one little girl wrote.

But we shall never get to Annapolis at this rate. The



THE CHASE HOME, ANNAPOLIS

next morning was bright and clear. A strong breeze blew from the southwest. So Mr. Paca decided to make the journey by water. They could have gone by land on horseback, but that would have been long and tiresome. They started off very early in the morning in a pungy, and did not reach Annapolis until late at night.

A VISIT TO ANNAPOLIS

Many of you have taken the same sail, but not in a little open sail-boat. You would go in a big steamer in a few hours. It took Carroll and his sisters five or six times as long. It might have taken days if the wind had failed. But they did not grow tired. How could one grow tired sailing up the beautiful Chesapeake and thinking of all the sights in the great town of Annapolis?

It was dark night when they landed. They walked to the house of Mr. Samuel Chase whom they were to visit. The town was not



WIFE AND DAUGHTERS OF JUDGE SAMUEL CHASE

*From a painting in the possession of the Maryland
Historical Society*

quiet. Everyone seemed to be excited. Groups of men were talking on the streets and in the coffee-houses.

Carroll asked his father what it was all about. Mr. Paca told him that everyone was talking of the new Stamp

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Act. Carroll did not understand what that meant. But he was soon to find out. Do you know what the Stamp Act was, and why everyone was excited? The next story after this will tell us all about it.

As they walked along Mr. Paca pointed out to the children the play-house or theatre. Presently as they turned a corner they came to a large building full of lights. Music sounded from it, and before the door were coaches and Sedan chairs. Gentlemen and ladies were passing from them into the hall. One of the ladies stopped Mr. Paca to say how glad she was to see him.

This was Mrs. Carroll, the wife of Charles Carroll who was our Carroll's godfather. She was dressed in a quilted satin petticoat with a silk overskirt. Her hair was piled high on her head and powdered. She told the little girls it was a ball given by the Governor to which she was going.

At length they reached Mr. Chase's house. They were full of all they had seen but oh, so tired. Mr. Chase and Mr. Paca sat down to talk about the Stamp Act until late at night, while Mrs. Chase took the three sleepy little children up to bed.

XI.

THE BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART.

THE first thing Carroll said to his father next morning was, "Father, what is the Stamp Act?"

"Will you tell him, Mr. Chase?" said Mr. Paca. "You know, better than I or any one in the colony. Tell the boy so that he will understand and always remember it."

"And we will listen, too," said Mrs. Chase and the two little girls.

So Mr. Chase began:

"We are Englishmen and we call England our Mother Country, but she is not a just mother to us, or a kind mother. She rules us to please herself, and not for our good. She did us wrong some years ago when she passed the Navigation Act."

"What is that, Mr. Chase?" asked Carroll.

"You know, my boy, that your father and the other planters grow a great deal of tobacco. They used to sell most of it to the Dutch for a good price. But Parliament passed a law which said that all goods sent to the colonies or from them must go in English-built ships manned by British seamen. That was the Navigation Act."

"But what harm does that do, Mr. Chase?"

"Why, the planters have to sell all their tobacco in England. It has become so plentiful there that the price

MARYLAND

is very low. Besides, the English merchants charge us more for the goods they bring us than the Dutch did. Many of the planters have been almost ruined."

"That is not all," continued Mr. Chase.

"King George and Parliament are taxing us. Everything that is brought into the colony has to pay a tax to the King. We ought to pay taxes, and we are willing to pay taxes for our government. But we have a right to say what kinds of taxes we will pay and how great the taxes shall be."



BRITISH TAX STAMP

"I, for one, am beginning to hate our Mother Country. Maryland is strong enough to take care of herself. And we will tell King George that if he does not treat us fairly we will have nothing to do with him."

"And now what has England done? She has passed this Stamp Act. We have to buy stamps to put on all sorts of documents. I am a lawyer and none of my papers are legal unless they have a stamp on them. Even our newspaper has to have a stamp.

"We do not object to these taxes because they are *stamp* taxes. We object to the taxes because England uses the money for herself and not for us. Above all we object because we have no voice in saying what the taxes shall be."

"My boy, your father and I are going to fight against

BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART

these unjust taxes. And if we do not win the fight, I want you to take it up when you are a man."

"I promise you I will, Mr. Chase," said Carroll.

The whole country cried out against the injustice. In Maryland the people would not even permit the stamps



THE PEGGY STEWART HOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS

to be brought on shore from the vessel in which they came, but shipped them back in another vessel.

The agent to sell the stamps in Maryland was named Zachariah Hood. He was a Marylander, too. The people drove him out of the colony. They would have none of him or his stamps either.

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The opposition in all the colonies was so strong that Parliament had to repeal the Stamp Act. But it would not give up the right to tax the colonies. New duties



THE BURNING OF
From the mural painting by C. Y.

were laid on tea and many other articles. But the colonies refused to pay these taxes also.

The colonists formed Non-importation Societies, and agreed not to use any of the articles on which taxes were

BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART

laid. They stopped drinking tea. Ladies and gentlemen wore homespun clothes instead of the velvets and silks they were used to. Not all of the colonies kept this



THE PEGGY STEWART
burned, in the Court House at Baltimore

Copyright 1905, by Edward B. Passano

agreement, but Maryland did up to the very time when the Revolutionary War broke out.

The people of Maryland grew more and more angry at the treatment they received. They had before taken

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as their motto, "No taxation without representation," but now they began to cry "Liberty or Death" instead.

They not only talked but they acted. They wanted King George to understand that they would fight and die rather than give up their liberty.

Nine years later Carroll Paca, grown to be a man, was again in Annapolis. And he found the people even more excited than they had been before. England had taken off all the taxes but the one on tea. But the people were so angry by that time that they would not pay any taxes at all. It was not any one tax they were fighting, but the principle of "taxation without representation."

A brig, named the Peggy Stewart, had sailed into Annapolis with a cargo of tea. A firm of merchants, Williams and Company, tried to land the tea. The owner of the vessel, Anthony Stewart, paid the tax. What made this worse was that he belonged to the Non-importation Society.

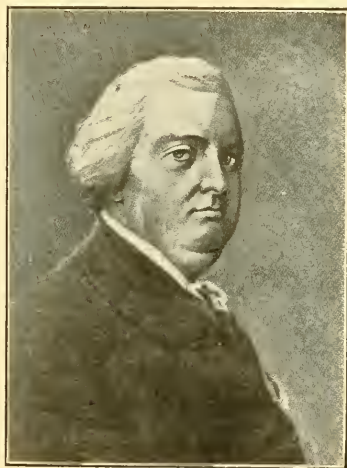
When Carroll went out that day he saw a crowd of men marching down the street. He went with them. They were going to Mr. Stewart's house to tar and feather him. But some gentlemen met them and told them of a better way to act. They compelled Mr. Stewart and the owners of the tea to sign a paper saying that they had insulted the people of Maryland and promising never to do so again.

Still the people were not satisfied. The hateful tea was still there and the ship that brought it over. The people made up their minds to get rid of both.

BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART

In what are now Howard and Montgomery Counties was a band of patriots called the Whig Club. They took the matter in hand. Headed by their president, Charles Alexander Warfield, they mounted their horses and rode down to Annapolis. On their hats they wore the words, "Liberty or Death." When they came to the house of Mr. Stewart, Major Warfield called him out and said, "You must either go with me and apply the torch to your own vessel, or hang before your own door."

Mr. Stewart went with them, and on October 19, 1774, only four days after her arrival, the Peggy Stewart with her cargo of tea was burned to the water's edge. She was run aground on Wind Mill Point, and Mr. Stewart himself set fire to her.



CHARLES ALEXANDER WARFIELD

The people of the town watched her burn. Carroll was there and saw it all. He knew now what it meant. It meant that King George had his warning from Maryland. The Marylanders would have liberty, liberty at any cost. And as he saw the Peggy Stewart burning, he took off his hat and cheered. And how everyone cheered the men of the Whig Club as they rode homeward out of the city!

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This was Maryland's "tea party." In some of the other colonies cargoes of tea had been destroyed, but those who destroyed them hid their faces and went disguised as Indians. In Maryland the men went openly in broad daylight, without any disguise. They felt that they were doing right, and were ready to take all the consequences of their acts.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-four
The Peggy Stewart came
With a cargo of tea from over the sea,
And a tax in King George's name.

But the Maryland men had sternly said,
"We'll pay no tax, indeed,
On silk or brocade, or anything made.
So let King George take heed."

The farmers rode down in the light of day
To the town by the Severn's side,
And they summoned the knave, who had tried to brave
The people's decree, and hide,

To come forthwith to Wind Mill Point,
To come with his torch alight,
To confess the blame, and to burn the shame
Of his deed, in all men's sight.

So the Peggy was burned to the water's edge.
Ah, that was a sight to see!
And the sturdy men rode home again,
Singing, "Death or Liberty."

XII

PATRIOT AND TORY

HAVE you ever heard the story of the two knights who were riding through a forest? They came to a place where a shield was hanging on a tree. The knight on the right said, "That is a fine black shield." "It is a fine shield," said the one on the left, "but it is white." They argued about it until they grew angry, and then they fought.

After a while they stopped to rest, and it happened that the first knight was now on the left side. He looked up and saw a white shield. The second knight was now on the right, and he saw a black shield. What did it mean? They rode up to the shield and found it was white on one side and black on the other. So it is that there are two sides to every question.

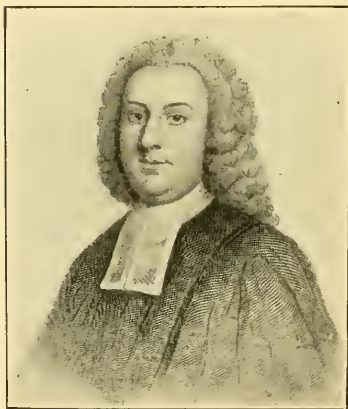
There were two sides to the American Revolution. There was the side of England and the side of the colonies. Not everyone in England thought that the colonies were in the wrong. Many persons there thought that the Americans were right in fighting against unjust taxes, and they blamed King George for trying to force the colonists to pay these taxes.

Not many persons in America thought the King was in the right in trying to tax the colonies as he did. But

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when the colonies began to talk of independence, to say they would no longer be colonies of England but would be independent states, then many Americans thought the colonies were very wrong.

Persons in America who were on the side of the colonies and who wanted independence were called Patriots.



DANIEL DULANY

*From an engraving owned by Mrs. Southgate
Lemmon*

Those who were on the side of England were called Tories. Daniel Dulany was the best known Tory in Maryland. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was one of the foremost patriots.

These two men wrote a great many letters to the Maryland Gazette, the Annapolis newspaper of those days. In these letters they argued with each other about the question of England and the colonies and independence. Daniel Dulany signed his letters "Antilon." Charles Carroll called himself the "First Citizen." They did not come to blows like the two knights, but they called each other some hard names. Everyone in Maryland read the letters, and most persons thought that Charles Carroll had the better in the argument.

tion—"that a Governor is a King, and one do no
"swear." + So roll to your laudable to make your
court, that you do not perceive the affront you offer,
even, to his veracity in the very nature of your address.
Such patriotism now it is explained, to be false, most
command the utmost confidence of the free people of
Maryland.

What would John Hampden, if alive here, say to
such patriots?

What indignation mud the confederated *Inde-
pendent Whigs* be inflamed, when informed that it is in
England and have been lectured by the courts, that the doc-
trine has been there advanced, "no Officer is bound to
act unless he has the seal?" that a "Chancellor has
"stop at the very hearing of a cause, because he will not
pass," and that a "Chief Justice has declared, even
from the bench, that a future is liable to an Attachment
of Contempt, on his refusal to pay fees?" Such tyrannical
acts, verily, been practised without any dread of *Liberty,
Exit, or Death, O Tempora, O Mores, ANTILON.*

A C A R D.

THE BODY OF MERCHANTS present their
compliments to Messrs. the Editor of the
Dialogue, and the Independent Freeman, they re-
quest the favour of the Editor not to become their
advocate or renege himself in their vindication, he
will have enough to do to settle his own accounts
with his *quarrelers* as if *Caliban* before he comes
to a reckoning with the Freeman and the Lower
House of Assembly, whom he has so tamely attack-
ed.—The body of Merchants are now injured by
the Independent Freeman, they and thousands of his
other Friends know. The Mass too well to fear
any injury from his conduct, or believe any thing to
his prejudice that may come from his pen, and un-
qualified a writer as the Editor, and it may be very
properly asked of the Editor—"If you did know a
"little more of your subject before you began to write,
"if you or had better now in it do you."

C R I S P I N.

but it failed. By whom and all power exercised, at that
period? *Whig* influence, then, put to hazard the Ruling
of the Independent Law, and prevented the diminution
of fees, in every respect? Were the fortunes of all the
people of Maryland multiplied by the Independent Act,
that then passed, though it was not undiminished by
it, and the makers of tobacco were obliged to pay in
tobacco? Did it is Law, which allowed of no diminu-
tion of fees, and compelled the pliers to pay in to-
bacco, this *beast*, or *fine* the unfortunate as, when
those body was thrust into office, that all power mig-
ht centre in one hands? From this intimation, as well as
other touches in the information of the Confederates,
I am led to suspect, that they have received instruction
from the *Ellys* on Babylon.

"Some ask what epithets, with kill a pily do,
"Some specter hints, that something seem to hide,
"Can fight, and wing most cleverly confound,
"Beasts like, to run us, & then they wound."

But whatever may be the demerits of the *father*, what
has the son done to incur the infelicities of the Confed-
erates, that they should prepare to malign him? As
one, if the confederated *Independent Whigs* can hardly
entertain any views of patriots, from them, to which
black pall in that we charge is darker? Age and
have condescended to compare, but malignity will
not cease, "thill lips' recking shall for ever cease."

"I walk the *Blind* white,
"Discharge the Leopard's spots, turn day to night,
"Contend the eagle of nature, but the deep
"Huh, it thy *Priggy* voice, her waves to sleep?
"Perpetrate things pushing change, yet own thy art
"I seek to work a change, in fact an heave.
"That work, which was wasted in the frame
"A h h, will to the left remain in the lane.
"Pleasant may do only may die? but envy's rage
"Immerses by time, and g's her strength from age.
"What is yet, perished at us at thy prime of life,
"To launch areth into the sea of strife?"

What means the other? Is he anxiously looking for-
ward to the event, most devoutly wished for, when he
may shake off his fetters, and blaze the world with
the splendour of his talents, and the glory of his poli-
tical achievements?

And have his enemies with him—*James Kinale*

MARYLAND GAZETTE—CONTAINING DISCUSSION BETWEEN CHARLES CARROLL AND DANIEL DULANY

From the original paper in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

unprejudiced tribunal of the Justice, for if
absolute conviction should not rely on lead-
quarry, strong and probable suppositions, con-
ceive to those, the colour of whose lives were
presumption, that they alone could defend
fraternal as dallidary as rail, and which could
no other possible consequence, but to incur
timidity of women, and raise the indignity
every generous and discerning man.

ED.

THE Publishers of this Gazette, favour-
cept the above information, as it gives
an opportunity of justifying their conduct by a
solemn declaration, that no anonymous letters
letters have been presented to them for public
by any person or persons whatever; and as the
peace of society, if a publication shall be in-
conducive towards bringing the offender or off-
to justice, the contents, if furnished, shall with
sure be inserted gratis.—They have now only
the person who has wantonly sported wild
characters, to do an act of common justice,
candid public acknowledgment of his guilt.

THE Subscriber will attend the ensuing
Courts at *Leonard-Town, Fort-Tobacco*, at
for *Marborough*, to collect all Balances due to
Gazette, Advertisement, &c. Those who ex-
ceeds for more than one Year, must not only ex-
ceive no more Gazettes, but that intimation
will be taken to compel Payment.

FREDERICK GJ

February 27

To be sold to the highest Bidder, on the 28th of
if fair, or if not, the next good Day after,
Planter of Mr. Thomas Contee, near the
bacco, where Dr. Joseph Adertion, new in
ready Cash, or good Land in Bill of Exchange
PARCEL of Hely Negroes, &c.

A

MARYLAND

You must not forget that the people in Maryland at that time were Englishmen. They had friends and relations in England and loved the Mother Country for many reasons. They did not want to break loose from her if

they could possibly help it. But a time came at last when they could not help it.



SAMUEL CHASE

From a painting in the State House at Annapolis

That time was the year 1776. King George would not listen to argument or reason. So the American colonies said, "We will be free and independent States from this time forth." They knew King George would send his armies over, and that they must fight. But they were ready for this, and their motto was "Liberty or Death."

Two men especially worked for the independence of Maryland. They were Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Samuel Chase. They told the people of Maryland that there was no use in talking any longer. Now they must act. Now they must fight.

Before war began a member of Parliament wrote to

PATRIOT AND TORY

Mr. Carroll and ridiculed the idea of the colonies going to war. "Six thousand English troops," said he, "would march from one end of the continent to the other." "So they might," replied Charles Carroll, "but they will be masters of the spot only on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before them. If we are beaten in the plains, we will retreat to the mountains and defy them."

At length Maryland and the other colonies agreed to free themselves from King George's rule, and the Declaration of Independence was signed. The four signers from Maryland were Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Samuel Chase, William Paca and Thomas Stone.



WILLIAM PACA

From a painting in the State House at Annapolis

Charles Carroll was one of the wealthiest men in America. If England should win in the fight he knew he would be called a rebel, and would lose all his wealth.

MARYLAND

But he did not hold back on that account. He was one of the earliest signers of the Declaration of Independence.

As he signed his name a bystander said, "There go a few millions," and added, "However, there are many

Carrolls and the British will not know which one it is." Charles Carroll at once added to his name "of Carrollton," so that there might be no mistake. That is why he has been known ever since as Charles Carroll of Carrollton. And it seems to me that is a nobler title than earl, or duke, or prince.



THOMAS STONE

From a painting in the State House at Annapolis

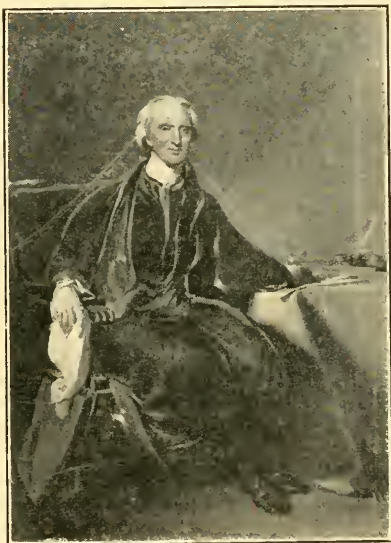
Charles Carroll filled many public offices of honor and trust. He lived to the age of ninety-six years and was the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence to survive. His society was charming, his manners were courtly and captivating, and his hospitality was proverbial. He was well educated, and had a broad and cultivated mind.

The Tories in Maryland did not live a very quiet life

PATRIOT AND TORY

after the colony became independent. Many times and in many ways they tried to aid England. And even those who did not try to aid the Mother Country were suspected of doing so.

There was an English gentleman, named John F. D. Smyth, who had made his home in Virginia. He lived for some years in Maryland and often travelled through the State. He was a staunch Tory, and had much trouble with the Maryland patriots. He visited Baltimore during the Revolution. While he was there his servant was tarred and feathered, and treated so roughly by a mob that he died. Mr. Smyth had the ring-leaders arrested, but the mob took them from prison next day. He was afraid for his own safety. He left his horses at the inn, and hurried on board a small vessel which he had hired to take him to his home in Virginia.



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON
From a painting in the State House at Annapolis

The vessel started, but was becalmed within sight of

MARYLAND

Baltimore. Mr. Smyth was in fear of every boat that put out from the town, thinking it was coming after him. At length he had himself put ashore just above the town, and from there he walked all the way, one hundred and ten miles, to his Virginia estate. All the time he was dangerously ill. At times he could hardly walk, but at length he got home in safety.

He had many other troubles with the Maryland patriots. At one time he was trying to escape to the British and was arrested in the western part of the State. He was taken to Frederick for trial and was brought before Samuel Chase and John Hanson. He had no respect for either of them, and calls Samuel Chase "one of the most illiberal, inveterate, and violent rebels."

Mr. Smyth suffered many hardships. In trying to escape, at one time, a guide whom he had hired deserted him. He wandered through the forests in winter starving and frozen. But at length he made his escape to the British army and lived to write an account of his travels in America. His book, "A Tour in the United States of America," you will enjoy reading when you are older.

XIII

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

THESE are not real letters and Carroll Paca is not a real person. But what the letters tell is all true. And many a real Marylander went bravely through the Revolutionary War and truly saw all that our make-believe Carroll writes about.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, August 23, 1776.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I am beginning to write to you as I promised, but I don't know when or how I shall send you this letter. I can't promise to write every single thing that happens to me because I am kept very busy. I have to drill my men, and even have to learn to be a soldier myself. None of us have ever been real soldiers before, although some of us have fought against the Indians.

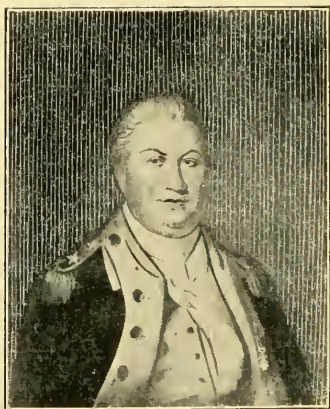
We are here, across the river from New York, looking for a battle at any time. This very moment word is brought that we are sent to hold the outposts. Our regiment is joined to Lord Stirling's brigade. Our Colonel, William Smallwood, is not with us, and so, if we have a fight, Major Mordecai Gist will command us.

MARYLAND

I am glad of that. They are both good, brave officers, but we all like Major Gist the better. He is from Baltimore. He is a tall, fine looking man, and very strong. Goodbye, then. I must get ready to march.

August 31.

Here I am in New York, safe and sound, after a bloody fight. General Washington brought us safely over from Brooklyn Heights after the battle on Long Island. I can't tell you all about the battle, but I will tell you what happened to us Marylanders.



WILLIAM SMALLWOOD

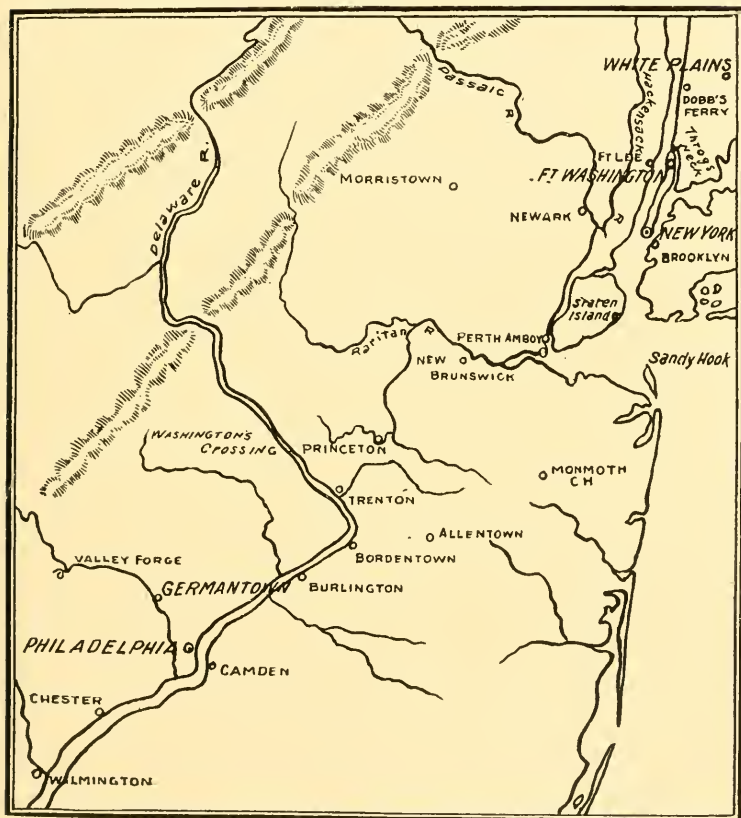
*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

It was four days ago. We had been fighting hard but our division had to retreat. There were some marshes behind us, and if we were caught there the enemy would have us at their mercy. So four hundred of us were sent, with Major Gist, to hold the enemy in check while the rest retreated.

The enemy were five to our one, and muskets and cannon were firing at us from all sides. But we stood firm and faced the enemy. It was dreadful to see the

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

men falling all around me. But as fast as one man fell another stepped into his place.

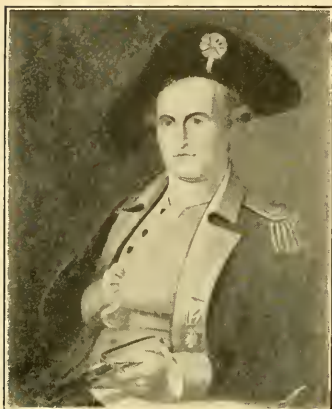


OPERATIONS IN THE VICINITY OF NEW YORK CITY

We flung ourselves upon the enemy and tried to drive them back. We could not do that, but at least we held

MARYLAND

them in check until our army was safe. Two hundred and fifty of us were killed or taken prisoners. But General Washington praised our bravery and said we saved his army.



MORDECAI GIST

*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

Poor John Bealle had his arm shot off and is going home. So I will send this letter by him. Tell Father to take care of him until he is able to work. He fought like a man, and says he is willing to give his arm for Maryland's liberty.

I must end this in haste.
Give my love to all. I don't know where I shall be when I write you next.

Your affectionate brother,

CARROLL.

July 10, 1780.

DEAR SISTER MARY:

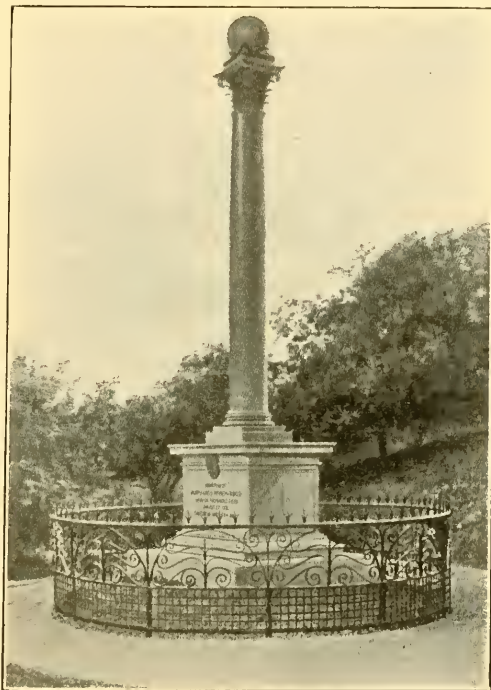
We are here in South Carolina, and are having a pretty hard time. Since I saw you as we marched through Maryland, I don't believe we have had a "good, square meal." We lack arms, we lack tents, we lack food, we lack medicine, we lack everything.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

The only things we have are our good spirits and our good commanders. Baron de Kalb and Colonel Otho H. Williams are both fine, brave officers. They cheer us up and keep us in good order. But General Gates, who is in command of our whole army, no one likes.

Against the advice of the officers he has ordered us to march to Camden. Our men are sick and hungry. They had no bread and so they ate some green peaches. Some of them thickened their watery soup with hair powder. Luckily we found a little cornmeal yesterday and had some real food.

Let me tell you something about Colonel Williams. He is a tall, handsome, fine-looking man.



MONUMENT TO MARYLAND'S FOUR HUNDRED,
PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN

MARYLAND

At the beginning of the war he went to Boston as lieutenant of a company of Frederick riflemen. He was soon promoted to the command of the company. A little later he was made major of a regiment formed from several companies of riflemen. He, with his regiment, was taken prisoner at the capture of Fort Washington on the Hudson,

and was not discharged till after fifteen months.

He was treated with great cruelty while a prisoner. For seven or eight months he was confined in a filthy, small, unventilated room. His food was hardly fit to eat and there was barely enough of it to keep him alive. A rope was put around his neck, and, seated on a coffin, he was ridden through the streets of New York to a gallows.



OTHO H. WILLIAMS

*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

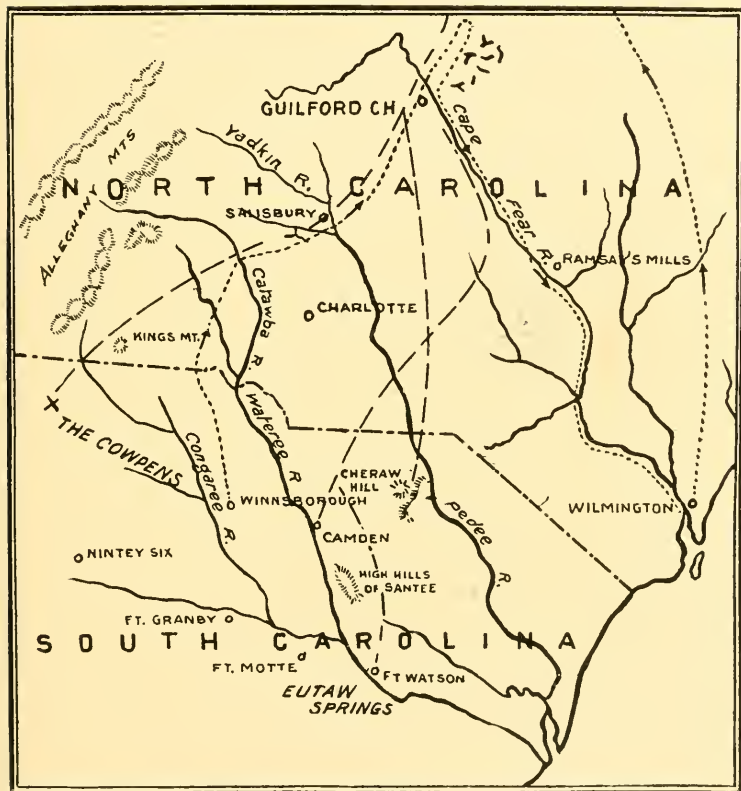
But he was not hanged. The British did it only to frighten him. He says his health is bad even now from the cruel treatment and bad food.

August 25.

It is more than a month since I began this letter. We have fought the battle of Camden and I am still alive.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

General Gates tried to surprise the British camp, and it seems that Cornwallis at the same time was trying to sur-



OPERATIONS IN THE CAROLINAS

prise ours. At midnight we met each other half-way between the camps. We skirmished for a little while and then waited for morning.

MARYLAND

The next day the battle came. We Marylanders were on the right. The Virginia and North Carolina troops were on the left. The British came at us, firing and shouting. The Virginia and North Carolina men were militia, not regular troops. They were so frightened that they threw down their guns and ran away. But some of the North Carolina men fired two or three rounds.



DE KALB MONUMENT, STATE HOUSE GROUNDS,
AT ANNAPOLIS

This left eight hundred of us Marylanders and a Delaware battalion against three times as many of the British. Baron de Kalb wanted to retreat, it was the only wise thing to do.

But he had no orders, and so could not leave his post. There was no one to give him orders. Would you believe

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

it? General Gates had fled. Or else, so some of the men say, he was carried away in the rush of soldiers.

We stood firm and even began to drive the enemy back. But at length they charged us with both foot and horse and we had to fall back. Six hundred Maryland men were killed. Baron de Kalb was wounded in eleven places and was taken prisoner. He died six days ago. There is a brave officer lost to us.

I don't know where we are going next. But I hope they will send us another general in place of Gates.

I have a chance to send you this by a soldier going home. I am so thin and sunburnt and ragged you wouldn't know me. When will this war be over, so that we can come home? But not until we are free and independent.

Ever your affectionate brother,

CARROLL.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that I have been made a captain.

March 25, 1781.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:

I cannot tell you all that has happened since I last wrote you. I hardly have time to write at all. I was wounded in the leg at the battle of Guilford and must rest a few days. So I have time to tell you something about the fighting we have had.

We have fought two great battles, not counting the

MARYLAND

little ones. One was at the Cowpens last January. The other was ten days ago at Guilford. In both of them we Marylanders took a brave part. I am not boasting, for everyone praises us.

Colonel John Eager Howard won the day at the Cowpens. Through a mistake in orders his men began to retire to-



JOHN EAGER HOWARD

*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

wards a hill behind them. But they went in such good order that Colonel Howard did not stop them until they were again in a good position.

The British thought we were retreating and came rushing on in disorder. Colonel Howard let them come almost up to him. Then he ordered his men to face about and fire. Before the enemy knew what had happened, Colonel Howard

and his men charged at them with their bayonets. The British soldiers threw down their guns and ran, but we captured a great many of them. Colonel Howard at one time had in his hands the swords of seven officers who had surrendered to him.

Colonel Howard is one of the bravest officers in the army. His men will follow him anywhere. General

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

Greene says, "He deserves a statue of gold, no less than the Roman and Grecian heroes." His bayonet charges are the wonder of the army. It was one of them that won the day at Guilford. I was in that charge myself. I knocked down a British soldier with my sword, and to pay me back he stuck his bayonet into my leg. Then Jack Darnal shot him.

Colonel Howard was wounded, too. He is going home on furlough, and will take this letter for me. I wish I could come, too. But my leg will soon be well and I must stay to fight. We are all in good spirits, and believe this war will soon be over.

I have had enough of fighting. You hear only of the bright side, but I see the poor soldiers bleeding and suffering from their wounds. It is death, and wounds, and hardship, and suffering. But our cause is just. Perhaps it will be over soon and I shall be home with you. Goodbye and my love to all at home.

Your brother,

CARROLL.

October 1, 1781.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:

It is almost over down here. We have beaten the enemy time after time. We have driven them out almost everywhere. They surely cannot hold out much longer. About a month ago we fought them at Eutaw. Colonel Williams and Colonel Howard decided the battle for us.



STATUE OF JOHN EAGER HOWARD, WASHINGTON PLACE, BALTIMORE

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

Our lines were being driven back when General Greene gave the order, "Let Williams advance and sweep the field with his bayonets!" Williams and Howard charged. They charged and fired and charged and fired again. What brave men these two are! General Greene says of Colonel Williams in this charge that his bravery "exceeded anything I ever saw."

Colonel Williams is going home on furlough. He is not needed here any longer. None of us will be needed much longer. Perhaps by the time he gives you this letter I shall be on my way home. No more wars for me. I want to get back to Evelinton to you all. I want to see your faces and the dear old home. I want to go to work on the plantation.

I hear that the British fleet has been sailing up and down the Chesapeake burning and plundering. I wonder if I shall find the old house burned and empty. Well, if it is we can build another after we have driven the British away from our land.

I have many things to tell you, and much work to do. We must set to work in earnest to build our country up. I have many plans in my head. Surely, before long I shall be back in Maryland to carry them out. With love to you all, until I can see you myself,

Ever your affectionate brother,

CARROLL PACA.

MARYLAND

This was the last letter Carroll Paca wrote from the South. In the same month Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown. The war was over, and the



THE MARYLAND REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT,
MT. ROYAL PLAZA, BALTIMORE

Maryland soldiers returned to their homes. Of all the thousands who had gone to the war from our State, only

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

five hundred were left. The others had died for their country.

The Maryland troops were always Washington's favorites. He knew he could always trust them to stand firm and do their duty. And no soldiers were ever braver. Besides, Maryland was always ready to aid Washington with troops and supplies. Indeed, she sent to the war twice as many soldiers as was her share.

The five hundred that were left came home weary and wounded, without money, and in tatters. But they were happy in the gratitude of their State and of the whole country. They had lived up to the motto of our State: *Fatti Mascii, Parole Femine*. Theirs had been Manly Deeds.

XIV

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

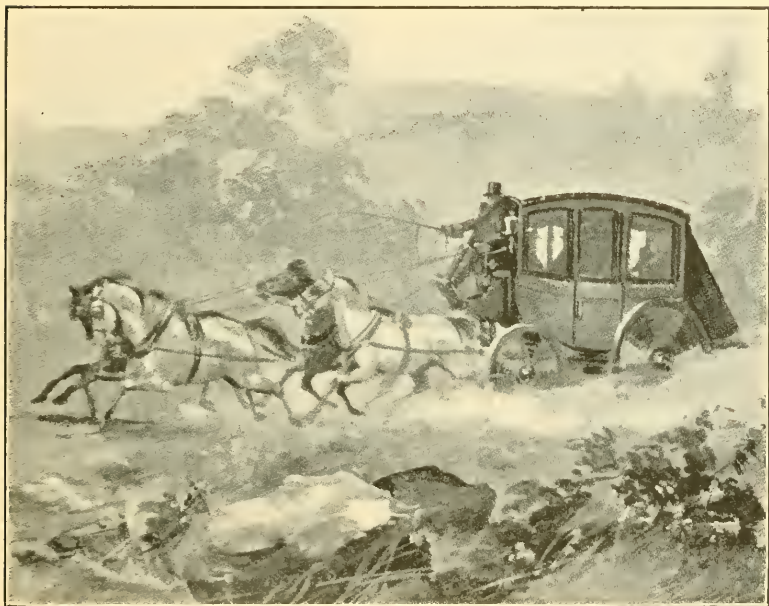
NOWADAYS all of our States are joined together in one country. They have formed a union, called the United States of America. This union is governed by the President and Congress. This is called the Federal government. But at the close of the Revolution it was not so. Then there were thirteen separate States. Each had its own government and its own laws.

These thirteen States had acted together in fighting Great Britain, but when the war was over they began to drift apart. They were jealous and suspicious of each other. The people of the different States could not know each other then as well as they do now. There were no steam or electric railroads to make a journey from one State to another easy and quick, nor were there any steamboats. There were no telegraph or telephone lines to carry messages from one part of the country to another in a few hours or minutes.

In our days one can travel from Boston or Baltimore to New York in five or six hours, in comfortable cars and without even leaving his seat. Dozens of passenger trains pass by day and by night between the larger cities.

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

Train after train carries freight from inland farms to the seaboard, and from the coast towns back to the farms. But at the end of the Revolution "two stage-coaches were enough for all the travelers, and nearly all the freight



STAGE COACH

besides, that went between" New York and Boston. Large and heavy freight went by sea in sailing vessels.

You and I are going on a journey from Baltimore to New York, but we are not going by train. We are going by a heavy old stage-coach. We have only one

MARYLAND

little hair-covered, leather trunk for both of us. There is very little room in the coach for baggage, so we take only what we cannot do without. Our trunk is stowed away in the "boot," and we are on the coach ready to start.

Button your overcoat up, and wrap your neck-shawl



FAIRVIEW INN

From a water color painting in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

tight around your throat. It is very early in the morning and the Autumn air is cool. "All ready, Joe!" says the coachman. The hostlers let go the horses' heads, and we rattle off over the roughly paved streets. Two or three ragged little slave boys run along beside us for a while. We wave our hats to Mother and Sister who came to

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

see us off. Then we turn a corner and they are out of sight.

We trot along pretty briskly for a while. But as we get farther from Baltimore the roads get worse. It rained hard last night and the roads are muddy. Presently we come to a place where the mud is up to the hubs. The coach stops, stuck fast in a rut. All the men get down. Shoulders to the wheel! Now, all together! And we lift the wheels out. The horses sweat and blow. But a mile further on we shall put in fresh ones.

Our boots and clothes are covered with mud. We get up again, and off we go. But it is very slow going. By twelve

o'clock we have made only fifteen miles. But at any rate we have come to an inn, and can get dinner. Hungry? Well, indeed we are. We sit down in the cozy tap-room, hung with red curtains. The landlord, his wife and his daughter bring us ham, and beef, and chicken, and vegetables, and puddings. We have a



TENCH TILGHMAN
From a miniature

MARYLAND

bowl of punch, too. Even a little boy like you drinks a glass.

As we are getting into the coach after dinner two gentlemen drive up in their own carriage. They are on



WASHINGTON RES

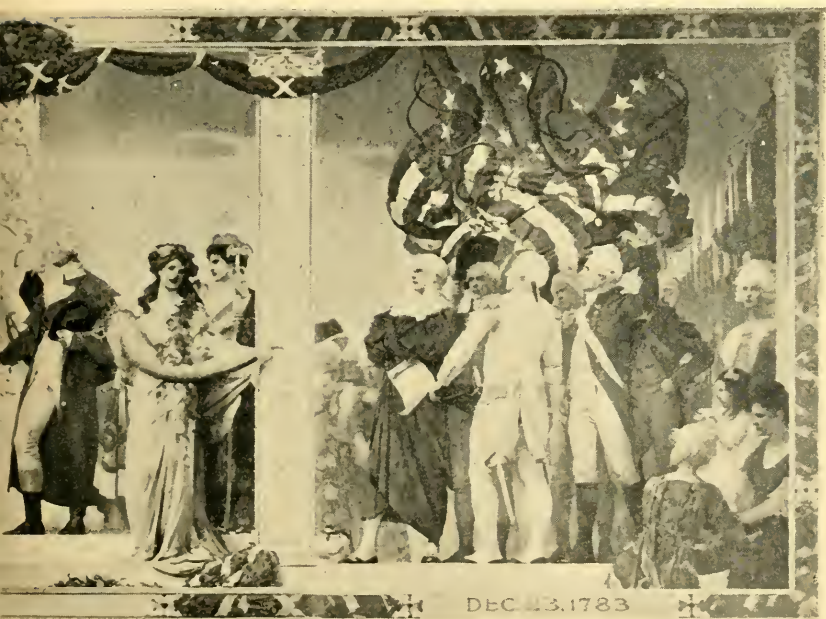
From the mural painting, by Edwin I

their way to Annapolis. General Washington is going to resign his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, and they want to be present when he does so. Everybody is very polite to them. They have their dinner in a private room, not in the tap-room or

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

the kitchen. But some gentlemen have begun to act more like common folk. They say, "We are all alike now that there is no longer a king ruling over us."

One of these gentlemen who have just driven up is a



G HIS COMMISSION
field, in the Court House at Baltimore

brave Revolutionary officer, and a friend of General Washington. He is Colonel Tench Tilghman of Talbot County. Do you know it was he who carried to Congress the news of the surrender of Cornwallis. Congress presented him with a horse and an elegant sword. But not

MARYLAND

the one he has on. He prizes the one Congress gave him too much to wear it.

The other gentleman is Thomas Johnson. He was the first Governor of Maryland after it became independent.



THOMAS JOHNSON AND HIS FAMILY

From a painting in possession of the Maryland Historical Society

When he was inaugurated there were great goings on at Annapolis. A long procession of officials and distinguished guests marched to the State House. There the high sheriff proclaimed Thomas Johnson Governor of the

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

State of Maryland. After this three volleys were fired by the soldiers, who were paraded in front of the State House. Then a salute of thirteen cannon shots was fired, one for each State of the Union. The company then went to the coffee-house where thirteen patriotic toasts were



STATE HOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS

drunk. In the evening there was a brilliant ball and illumination.

We go on through the beautiful country of Baltimore and Harford Counties. We have forded many small streams. We have got down to walk up some steep hills,

MARYLAND

and have lifted the wheels out of the mud more than once. As we were crossing one stream two ladies inside the coach began to scream. The rains had made the river so deep that the water came into the coach. But the inside passengers stood up on the seats, and no harm was done.

It is ten o'clock at night, now, and here we are at the inn where we are to sleep. You are pretty tired, aren't you? Jolting over rough roads and walking up hills has made you hungry, tired and sleepy. We have a good supper with another glass of punch, and then to bed. Our beds are not very comfortable. The mattress is made of straw, and three of us have to sleep in a bed. But we are too tired to mind.

Well, here we are ready to start off again next morning. We made thirty miles yesterday, a good day's journey. At length we reach the Susquehanna River. The Coach cannot ford this stream, of course. We get out and are ferried over, passengers and baggage, in boats. On the other side we find another coach waiting for us. If it were winter time the coach might drive over on the thick ice. Last spring the floating ice capsized the ferry-boat, and five persons were drowned.

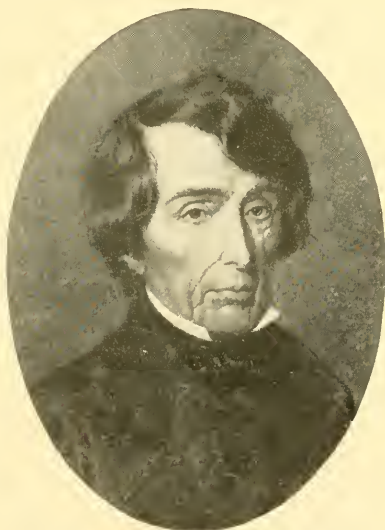
As we get farther from Baltimore not only the country, but the people seem different. They dress differently, look different and even talk differently. Of course they talk English, but their accent and tone is not the same.

Do you begin to understand the difference between traveling in those days and traveling now? Of course

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

in the back country the roads were worse and traveling was harder. A famous Marylander, Roger Brooke Taney, tells us something about traveling at the end of the eighteenth century.

When he was fifteen years of age he went from his home, in Calvert County, to school at Dickinson College in Pennsylvania. He says that the first part of the journey from his home to the college was made in a schooner. It took the schooner one week to go from the Patuxent river to Baltimore. From there to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where the college was situated, he traveled by a wagon which carried his trunks, but he himself walked a great part of the way.



ROGER BROOKE TANEY

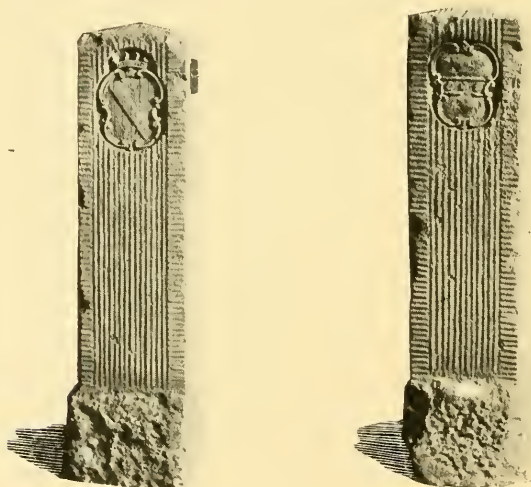
*From an engraving in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

It took so long for letters to go from his home to Carlisle that he had to carry money enough in his trunks to pay his expenses until the next vacation. He says: "But, in truth, we were not very anxious [about the safety of our money] for a robbery in that day, was hardly to be

MARYLAND

thought of among the hazards of travel." The difficulties of travel were so great that he went home only twice while at college, and "upon both occasions walked from Carlisle to Baltimore with one of my school companions."

You can see now why it was that the colonies were not really united. Communication and traveling were so



FIVE MILE STONE, MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

From the original in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

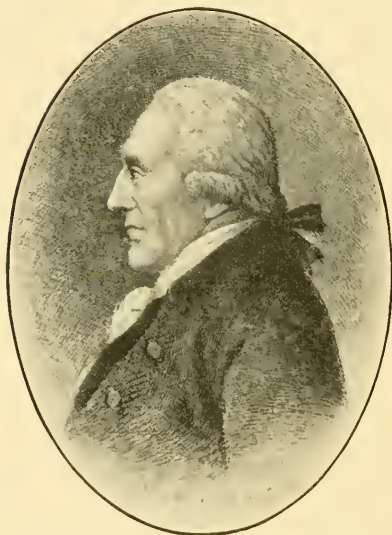
difficult that the people in different States could not know each other. Not knowing each other, they could not understand each other. And not understanding, they distrusted each other.

However, the States began to come together. They adopted the Articles of Confederation, which made a sort

MARYLAND

of union among them. At least twelve of them did. Maryland, the thirteenth State, would not adopt the articles. "But," you will say, "I thought Maryland was patriotic. Why did she refuse?"

Yes, she was patriotic, and that is just why she refused.



DANIEL OF ST. THOMAS JENIFER

From an etching

If you will turn to the map on page 155 you will see that half of the thirteen States extended westward to the Mississippi River. And you will see that Virginia claimed vast tracts of land lying to the northwest.

In some cases more than one State claimed the same lands. In the early times when America was being settled but little was known of its geography, and much confusion arose as to boundaries. Sometimes the same land was granted by the English sovereign to two different persons or companies. Thus confusion and disputes arose, and much ill-feeling.

Maryland claimed no western lands, and the boundaries of the State, except in one small part, had been agreed

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

upon. The State was not trying to get more land for herself. But Maryland knew that during the war the soldiers of the smaller States had fought as bravely as those of the larger. She knew that the smaller States had suffered as much as the larger, and had been as willing to furnish money, supplies and men. She herself had furnished much more than her fair share of soldiers, and as to the bravery of her troops there was never any question.

Therefore, said Maryland, if the thirteen colonies are going to form a union, let Virginia and the other States claiming western lands give them up. Let those lands be held by the central government for the benefit of

all. Let the western lands be held as common property, and from them let new States of the Union be formed as they become settled and as the need arises.

No other State would join Maryland in this protest. They all cried out against her. It was even threatened that Maryland should be divided among neighboring



JAMES MCHENRY
From an etching

MARYLAND

States and her name wiped from the map. But Maryland knew that her demands were just, and remained firm. But at length she grew afraid that her holding back might do harm to the American cause. So she signed the articles in 1781. Then the other States saw that



DANIEL CARROLL
From an etching

Maryland was right, and within twenty years all the "western lands" were ceded to the United States.

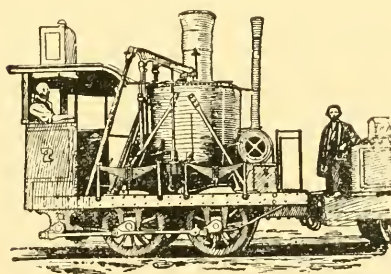
Maryland did not "fire the shot heard round the world." Her service to the cause of independence was quiet and faithful. And it is hardly too much to say that without the bravery, steadfastness and fidelity of her soldiers the independence of the colonies would not have been won. And

without her firm stand, alone, against the "western land" claims, it is doubtful if the lasting union which has led to our present great nation could ever have been formed.

This was the beginning of the union of our States. Six years later they agreed to become the United States

THIRTEEN DISTRUSTFUL STATES

that they now are. The Constitution of the United States was adopted, and our nation was formed. The men who signed the Constitution on the part of Maryland were James McHenry, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, and Daniel Carroll.



FIRST LOCOMOTIVE, BALTIMORE &
OHIO RAILROAD

XV

SAILOR HEROES OF 1812

IN the story before this we learned how our nation was formed. But at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was still a young nation. It was growing fast in numbers, in strength and in wealth. But it was not old, and strong, and rich like the European nations. They were grown men. The United States was a strong and healthy boy.

There were two of these "men" who were bullying the "boy." England and France, but England especially gave the United States much trouble. France and England were hard at it, fighting each other. Their ships and men were so busy fighting that they could not carry on their trade and commerce. So the American merchants built ships and took possession of this commerce.

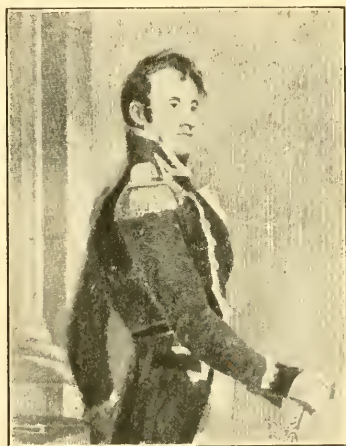
As America grew richer and richer England became more and more angry. She wanted to destroy the trade of the United States. Then, when the war with France was over, she could have the commerce of the world again herself.

There were two ways in which England worried the United States. British men-of-war captured and destroyed American merchantmen whenever they could.

SAILOR HEROES OF 1812

But especially England claimed the right to stop American ships at sea and to take seamen from them. She pretended that they were deserters from the British navy. Very many times they took sailors who were not British subjects at all, but American citizens.

A British-man-of-war might stop an American ship at sea and take away so many of her men that the captain could hardly sail her into port. And besides the sailors so "pressed" into the British navy were often very cruelly treated. Their food was bad and they were flogged severely. Worst of all they were made to fight against their will, for a country that was not their own.



STEPHEN DECATUR

The United States tried by peaceful means to make England give up this "right of search." But England would not, and so the War of 1812 began.

Most of the fighting in this war was done at sea, it was a naval war. And by this time the United States had many brave and skillful naval officers. More officers of the navy came from Maryland than from any other State; forty-six out of a total of two hundred and forty. Of

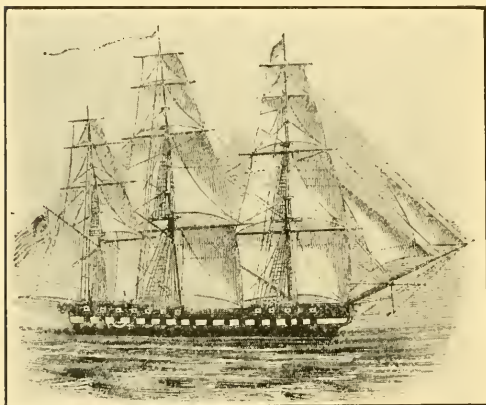
MARYLAND

these, two who distinguished themselves especially were John Rodgers and Stephen Decatur.

Decatur had distinguished himself about ten years before in the war with Tripoli. An American frigate, the Philadelphia, had run aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and was captured. The Americans wanted to recapture her, or at least to destroy her so that the Tripol-

itans might not make use of her.

The American commander called for volunteers. Seventy-four men sprang up ready to go, and Lieutenant Decatur was put in command of them. They put off in a small boat, and rowed



THE FLAG-SHIP "PRESIDENT"

with muffled oars to where the Philadelphia was lying.

They went so quietly that those on board the frigate did not hear a sound until the boat was alongside. The brave volunteers sprang on board. With sword and pistol they drove the Tripolitans overboard into the water. Then they set fire to the Philadelphia and rowed away.

SAILOR HEROES OF 1812

At a short distance from the burning ship they lay on their oars and gave three rousing cheers. Lieutenant Decatur was made a captain for his bravery, and Congress presented him with a sword.

Decatur was a small man, but he was cool, brave and determined. In one engagement he attacked a Tripolitan officer, a large and powerful man. In the struggle they both fell, Decatur underneath. He grasped his enemy's hand so that he could not draw his sword. Then he drew his own pistol and shot the man in the back.

Shortly after war with England was declared, Decatur, in command of the frigate *United States*, captured the British frigate *Macedonian*. For this capture he received a gold medal

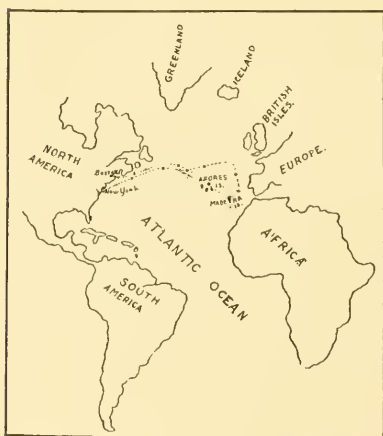


JOHN RODGERS

from Congress. A little later in the war he tried to sail from New York with a squadron. The port was so closely blockaded that in trying to get out his ship ran aground. Four ships of the enemy chased him. He fought bravely for eight hours and then had to surrender. He was released on parole and returned to the United States.

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Commodore Rodgers had better luck. He began to fight even before war was declared. He was lying off Annapolis in his flagship the President. Here he heard that a seaman had been impressed into an English frigate from an American brig off Sandy Hook. He at once set sail. When he drew near New York he sighted a war vessel and chased her. "What is your name?" he

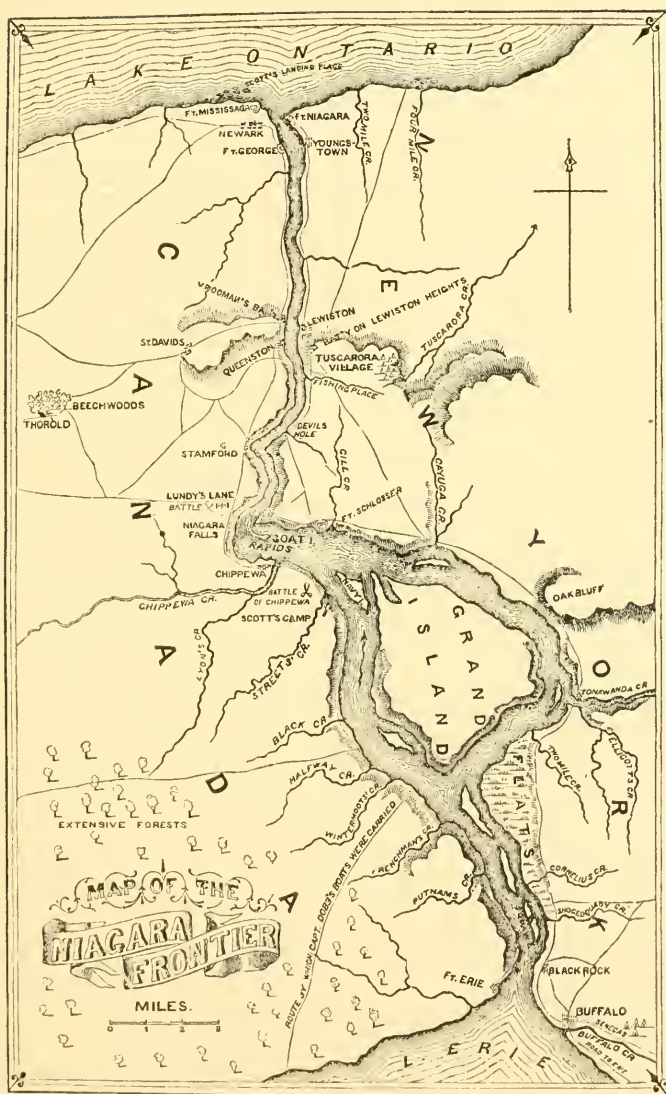


COURSE OF SQUADRON OF COMMODORE
RODGERS

asked her. The stranger made no answer, but after a little while asked the same question of the President. Without waiting for an answer she fired a shot into the President's mainmast. Commodore Rodgers answered this with his cannon, and soon won the victory. But he could not take the enemy prisoner because war had not been declared. So

next morning the two ships sailed away from each other.

Commodore Rodgers wasted no time when war was declared. An hour after he received official notice of it he sailed from New York with a squadron of five ships. This cruise lasted about seventy days. He captured seven British merchant vessels and recaptured one



LAKE ERIE AND NIAGARA RIVER, SHOWING FORT ERIE,
BUFFALO, ETC.

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American. His squadron sailed almost to the entrance of the British Channel. From there he sailed to Madeira, to the Azores, the Grand Banks, and home to Boston. Commodore Rodgers made other cruises during the war and took many prizes.

Not all of the naval battles of this war took place at sea.



NATHAN TOWSON

*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

Many were fought on the Great Lakes. And two other Marylanders, Nathan Towson and Jesse Duncan Elliott, took a brave part in one of the first of these fights. Nathan Towson was a captain of artillery, Jesse D. Elliott a lieutenant in the Navy. They were both detailed for service on Lake Erie.

Two British armed brigs, the *Caledonia* and the *Detroit*, were anchored near Fort Erie. This was on the Canadian side of the lake, opposite Buffalo. Lieutenant Elliott formed a plan to capture the two brigs, and Captain Towson, with fifty of his Maryland volunteers was sent with him.

They started out at midnight in two boats. Lieutenant Elliott was in one, Captain Towson in the other.

SAILOR HEROES OF 1812

Captain Towson's boat attacked the *Caledonia*; Lieutenant Elliott's boat the *Detroit*. By three o'clock in the morning the two brigs were captured. "In less than ten minutes I had the prisoners all seized, the topsails sheeted home, and the vessels under weigh." So wrote Lieutenant Elliott.

That was pretty quick work. But the work was not all done yet. They were on board the brigs, but the question was how to get them to the American side of the lake. They got the two brigs under weigh, but both ran aground in the Niagara River within gun-shot of the Canadian shore. The Canadian shore was full of the enemy, and the enemy began firing on them.



JESSE DUNCAN ELLIOTT

Sailing-master Watts was in command of Towson's boat. Early in the morning he and the pilot left the boat and took the prisoners with them. But Captain Towson did not want to give up his prize. So he stayed aboard and got all the brig's cargo to a place of safety.

Then he managed to get the brig afloat again. But he was an artilleryman, not a seaman, and did not know

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how to sail a vessel. All but two of his sailors had deserted. He ran the brig aground a second time.

In the meanwhile Lieutenant Elliott had destroyed the *Detroit*. He sent orders to Captain Towson to burn the *Caledonia*, as a large force of the enemy was coming to the rescue. But Captain Towson would not destroy the brig. He left her in charge of three men, with orders to burn her if the enemy came. It turned out to be a false alarm that the British were coming, and thus the *Caledonia* was saved. She afterwards made one of Commodore Perry's fleet.

Congress presented Lieutenant Elliott with a sword as a reward for his part in the capture of the *Detroit* and the *Caledonia*, and also presented him with a gold medal for his brave conduct later on in the war.

Captain Towson also served bravely throughout the war, and rose to the rank of major-general. Towson, the county seat of Baltimore County, where he was born, was named in his honor.

XVI

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

THIS noble poem was written during the War of 1812. Most likely it would never have been written if the British had not so hated the city of Baltimore. But you will ask, why did England hate Baltimore more than the rest of the United States. Let us see the reason why.

In those days there were many vessels called "privateers." They were called so because they were owned, not by the government, but by private persons. But they were commissioned by the government. This means that the government gave them papers saying they might carry cannon and other arms, and that they might go out to sea to attack and capture an enemy's ships.

Many of these privateers had sailed from the United States during the Revolution. But during the war of 1812 they just swarmed over all the ocean. And more of these vessels sailed from Baltimore than from any other city in the United States. The Baltimore privateers were especially famous. They were fast sailors, well armed, and manned by the bravest and boldest of crews and officers.

One of these brave Maryland officers was named Joshua Barney. In one short cruise in his schooner

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Rossie he captured ships and cargo to the value of a million and a half dollars, and took two hundred and seventeen prisoners. The names of some others of these famous Baltimore privateers were the Falcon, the Globe, the Nonsuch, the Comet and the Pride of Baltimore.



JOSHUA BARNEY

*From a print in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

They swarmed over all the ocean, capturing British vessels and taking prisoners.

Most of the vessels captured, of course, were merchantmen. But often the little privateer would attack a great man-of-war. The man-of-war carried many more men and guns than the privateer. But the little privateer would sail up boldly and fight just as if the enemy were one of her own size. The little vessel could move about quicker

than the big one. And her captain generally knew exactly how to manage his ship.

Remember the value of the ships and cargo that the Rossie took in her short cruise. So when you know that in four months forty-two of these privateers sailed from Maryland you can see how much harm was done to



BATTLE BETWEEN THE SCHOONER ROSSIE AND SHIP PRINCESS AMELIA ON 16TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1812

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British commerce. And you can see why England hated the city of Baltimore. She called Baltimore a "nest of pirates," and made up her mind to destroy the nest.

But Baltimore was a nest of hornets and wasps. And the hornets and wasps went on stinging, although England tried to stop them. She tried to blockade Chesapeake Bay, but without success. The privateers slipped past the blockading fleets and out to sea.

Before long, however, England had sent over more ships and a land force to the shores of Maryland. A small part of this army was defeated by General Philip Reed at the battle of Caulk's Field, near Chestertown. But the greater part met the American army, under General William H. Winder, and defeated him at the battle of Bladensburg.*

Then the enemy made ready to destroy the "doomed town" of Baltimore. General Ross, who commanded the British army in Maryland, declared that he "would make his winter quarters in Baltimore even if the heavens rained militia."

As the enemy advanced messengers on horseback hurried ahead of them with the news. And beacon fires on the hills and headlands along the Bay sent the same message. Baltimore was warned and so made ready. Everyone, young men, old men and even boys, went to

* For an account of the battles of Bladensburg and Caulk's Field, see Passano's History of Maryland, pp. 134-136.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

work with pick and shovel to throw up fortifications, or to drill themselves as soldiers.

Everything was ready, and at length the troops of the city, seven thousand of them, marched out to meet the enemy. Many of them were young men, hardly more than boys. And as they marched along in their new uniforms, carrying a sword or a musket almost for the first time, the whole affair seemed like a frolic to them.

The streets were lined with people to cheer them on. The windows of the houses were filled with women and children waving their hands and handkerchiefs. To the children and young women it was like watching a parade. But to the mothers it meant a son going to danger, perhaps to death. And to the old men who had seen something of the Revolution it meant, not only suffering and bloodshed, but also, perhaps, the destruction of their dear city. This army was commanded by General Samuel Smith.



SAMUEL SMITH

*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

On Sunday, September 11, word was brought that seventy of the enemy's ships lay at anchor off North

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Point. Early next morning they landed their troops, about nine thousand men, under the command of General Robert Ross. At the same time a number of small vessels, commanded by Admiral Cockburn, formed in line ready to bombard the city.

General John Stricker, with about three thousand men,



JOHN STRICKER

*From a painting in the possession of the
Maryland Historical Society*

had marched out some seven miles along the Philadelphia road. He had not expected to fight. But when he learned, next morning, that the British had landed, he sent back his baggage and formed his troops in line of battle. The advance guards of the two armies met about two miles from General Stricker's pickets, and some skirmishing followed. The Americans then fell back.

At this time General Ross, who had ridden to the front to see what the firing meant, was mortally wounded by a musket ball. This was the end of his vain boast that he would make his winter quarters in Baltimore.

The command of the English fell to Colonel Brooke. As he advanced cautiously he was met by volley after

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

volley of musketry. The British returned the fire hotly, and the two armies were soon hid from each other by the smoke.

A part of the American left wing broke and fled. Colonel Brooke advanced rapidly to take advantage of the confusion, but was checked by the American artillery.



TROOPS ASSEMBLING FOR DEFENSE OF BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 13, 1814
From a painting in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

Their guns had been loaded with “grape and canister, shot, old locks and pieces of broken muskets.”

All along the line volleys of muskets and rifles were fired without ceasing. At length General Stricker ordered a retreat, and the Americans withdrew in good order. The British did not pursue them. This was the battle of North Point, fought on September 12, 1814. The Ameri-

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can troops were raw militia, while the British were regulars, many of whom had fought in the wars against Napoleon.

On the next day the enemy marched on to Baltimore.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MCHENRY

From an old print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

Their plan was that the army should attack the city by land and the fleet bombard it from the water. All that day and late into the night Colonel Brooke waited for the sound of the ships' guns. But nothing was heard until midnight.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

About two or three o'clock in the morning word was brought him that the fleet could not reach the city. The channel of the harbor was too shallow for any but the smallest vessels, and, besides, had been blocked by sunken ships.

The American army was in a strong position on a ridge of hills without the city. Colonel Brooke was afraid to make an attack and so ordered a retreat.

The British fleet turned back, too, when it found that it could not reach the city. But it stopped at a distance of two miles from Fort McHenry, and for twenty-four hours threw showers of bombs into the fort. The ships were too far away for the fort to reply.



JOHN ADAMS WEBSTER

In the rear of Fort McHenry was a redoubt called Fort Covington. Between it and Fort McHenry was a battery of six guns. Sailing-master John Adams Webster was in command of this battery. The men had been listening to the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and were eager for a chance to take part in the fight.

The cannon were all "double loaded with eighteen-

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pound balls and grape shot." It was late at night and raining hard. Sailing-master Webster wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down on the breast-work. About midnight he heard a splashing in the water. It was the enemy coming with muffled oars.

There were twelve hundred of them, in a score of



BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE

boats and a large schooner. On the shore were not one hundred and fifty men to keep them from landing. The enemy had cannon, musket and scaling ladders, and were coming to storm Fort McHenry in the rear. But the men at the guns opened fire.

For two hours they and the men at Fort Covington kept it up steadily, and drove the enemy off.

If the enemy had landed they might have captured Fort McHenry. Then the whole British army could have landed and marched on to Baltimore. The city of Baltimore and the State each presented John A. Webster with a gold mounted sword.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

The city, and indeed the whole country, rejoiced at the news that the British had given up the attack on Baltimore. A year later, in Baltimore, Battle Monument was built to commemorate the event, and the twelfth of September was made a public holiday in the city. Year after year, on that day, those who had taken part in the defense of Baltimore were publicly honored, until the last of the "old defenders" died in 1898.

On a ship in the British fleet was a Marylander, Francis Scott Key. He had gone there to arrange for the exchange of prisoners. He was received kindly, but was told that he must remain until the attack on Baltimore was over. From the deck of the ship he



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

watched all night the bombardment of the fort, with no means of knowing whether it had surrendered or not. But with the first glimpse of dawn he saw that the flag was still flying. And it was the sight of this flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write his patriotic song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

He says that he commenced his famous song on the

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deck of the British ship, when he saw the enemy retreating and the flag flying over the fort. He wrote some brief lines on the back of a letter which he had in his pocket. Some of the lines he kept in his memory. He finished the song in the boat on his way to the shore, and finally wrote it out, as it now stands, at the hotel in Baltimore when he arrived there at night.

So you see how it was that the hatred the British felt towards Baltimore, that "nest of pirates," led to the writing of The Star Spangled Banner, the National Song of America.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

From the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows half conceals half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace may this Heaven-rescu'd land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation;
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just
And this be our motto "In God Is Our Trust;"
And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



XVII

BALTIMORE TOWN.

ALL of you know of the great fire in Baltimore in the year 1904. Many of you saw the fire and the ruins it left. Many of you have seen, too, how quickly the city has grown again, fresh and new, from its ashes. But how many of you know how many years it took Baltimore to grow into the great city that the fire almost destroyed? One hundred and seventy-four years.

Baltimore was founded in 1730. The planters living near the Patapsco River needed a convenient place for ships to load and unload their cargoes. So they bought sixty acres of land from Charles and Daniel Carroll for forty shillings an acre, and the site of Baltimore was surveyed.

The town grew slowly at first. At the end of twenty years it had only twenty houses and one hundred inhabitants. Then it began to grow faster, and before long became the largest town in the State.

Do you remember Mr. Smyth the Tory, and the troubles he had in Baltimore? He had made visits to the town before, and this is the way he describes it in his book:

It is "a large, flourishing and very fine town, lately erected, thirty miles farther back in the country than

BALTIMORE TOWN

Annapolis; situated upon Patapsco River . . . with an excellent harbour and commodious wharfs. This town, built on a spot which but thirty-six years ago was covered with woods, contains already more houses than every other town in the province together, and between



LAYING OUT OF BALTIMORE TOWN

twelve and fifteen thousand inhabitants. . . . It is built on a declivity . . . on the north side of a large bason, or rather bay, the water whereof is not deep enough for vessels of any considerable burden. The harbour of Baltimore is named Fell's Point, about two miles from

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the town itself, although the houses are now continued almost all the way."

He even says that Baltimore must soon become the capital of the State. But in this he was wrong, as we know. Beautiful old Annapolis is still the capital of Maryland.



BALTIMORE IN 1752

From a print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

The patriots who gave Mr. Smyth so much trouble in Baltimore had wives and daughters as patriotic as themselves. At the time when the British fleet was burning and pillaging in Chesapeake Bay, General Lafayette was sent to defend the State. The people of Baltimore, to welcome him when he visited their town, gave a ball in his honor. But he seemed sad and low spirited. One

BALTIMORE TOWN

of the ladies at the ball said to him, "General Lafayette, why is it you seem so sad?"

"Ah, madam," he replied, "how can I help being sad when my poor soldiers are clothed in rags?"

"Your men shall have clothes!" cried the lady.

The next day all the ladies of Baltimore gathered together in the same ballroom. There they stitched and cut busily—and talked, too, I should think—until they had a great lot of clothing made for General Lafayette's soldiers.

General Lafayette visited Baltimore again when he was an old man. This was after the colonies had won their independence and after he himself had passed through all the terrors of the French Revolution. The people welcomed him with wild joy. Men, women and little children crowded to see him. Arches of triumph were built for him to pass under. He, and his children forever, were made citizens of Maryland. Fayette Street and Lafayette Square in Baltimore were named in his honor.

You must not think of the city that Lafayette visited, and that the British tried to destroy in the war of 1812,



LAFAYETTE

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as being like the one that you know. There were only about fifty thousand people in it. Now there are more than ten times as many.* Where the Washington Monument now stands was then in the country. And where now are stores, and banks, and shops, were then the residences where the people lived.



BALTIMORE IN 1831

From an old print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

There was a young man living in Baltimore at about this time named John Pendleton Kennedy. He afterwards won renown both as a writer and as a statesman. He was born, he says, in a house "half way between St. Paul's Street and Charles, on the north side of Market [now Baltimore] Street."

*See Passano's History of Maryland, p. 302.

BALTIMORE TOWN

He describes the city in the days of his boyhood, with its "hipped-roofed wooden houses in disorderly array . . . painted, some blue and white, and some yellow; and here and there . . . a more magnificent mansion of brick, . . . with reverential locust trees, under whose shade . . . school boys, ragged little negroes and chimney-sweeps . . . disported themselves at marbles."

As we stroll down Market Street we meet stately old gentlemen in long blue coats with brass buttons. Their coat collars rise high up in the back, and in front are ruffled shirts or stocks showing. They wear beaver hats and when one of them meets a lady, he takes off his hat with a great sweep and makes her a very low bow.



JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY

Here is a greyhaired old man who still wears the dress of Colonial days. He has on "well-worn knee breeches, yarn stockings, silver buckles on his shoes and ruffles on his shirt bosom and sleeves." He has grown childish in his old age. But everyone speaks to him kindly and with

MARYLAND

the greatest respect. He is Luther Martin. He used to be Attorney-General of Maryland, and was a famous lawyer in his day.

Here is another famous Maryland lawyer coming down the street. This is William Pinkney. He was an ardent



OLD CITY HALL, BALTIMORE

From a painting

patriot during the Revolution, but his father was a Tory. His father's property was confiscated—that is, taken by the government—so that he had to start out in life as a poor boy. You would not think it to look at him now. He is dressed in the very latest style, and is a great

BALTIMORE TOWN

“dandy.” He has lived much abroad, where he has been sent to various countries to represent the United States government.

As he goes smiling and bowing on his way, let us stop to watch these two gentlemen talking. One of them is a merchant and has ships sailing over all the seas. There is no wireless telegraph to tell him his ship is coming in when she is still hundreds of miles at sea. There is no telegraph of any kind. When his ship sails it may be a year before he hears of her again.

The other man is a ship builder. And such ships they were. They were built of wood not of iron, they went by sails not by steam, and they were as beautiful as a bird. They were called Baltimore “clippers,” and were the fastest vessels afloat. As the saying was, “They start before the wind has time to reach their sails, and never allow it to come up with them.”



LUTHER MARTIN

All the shops have swinging signs before them, great

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wooden keys, and boots, and bells, and anchors. If we walk along a little farther we shall come to the first music store in America. It was here as early as 1794, for in that year there was the following advertisement in the Maryland Journal:

"Musical Repository, Market-Street, near Gay-Street, Baltimore. J. CARR, Music Importer, LATELY FROM LONDON, Respectfully informs the public that he has opened a Store entirely in the Musical line, and has for SALE, Finger and barrel organs, double and single key'd harpsichords, piano forte and common guitars."

The shop-keepers live in the houses over their stores.



WILLIAM PINKNEY

Instead of telegraph poles along the streets we see trees. There are no electric cars with their clanging bells, not even horse-cars. People ride in carriages or on horse-back, but most of them walk. An automobile would have been to them the eighth wonder of the world. But we do see gaslights. Baltimore was the first city in the United States to manufacture gas for public lighting.

But the quiet was soon

BALTIMORE TOWN

to be disturbed. On the Fourth of July, 1828, there was a vast crowd of people gathered together in Baltimore. They had come to take part in a great event. This was the laying of the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, then more than ninety years old. The road ran from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills.

The cars were drawn by horses at first. Two years later a locomotive built by Peter Cooper ran over the road. People were astonished because it ran so fast, fifteen miles an hour!

Not many years later the first electric telegraph line in America was built, between Baltimore and Washington. This marks the end of the old quiet and the beginning of the modern city.

But the change did not take place all at once. There was still much of the old time peacefulness. And the city always proved a delight to visitors. Several Englishwomen have written about their visits to Baltimore at that time. They say



JAMES CALHOUN,
FIRST MAYOR OF BALTIMORE
From a painting in the City Hall, Baltimore

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the streets were broad and clean. There were many fountains. Instead of the brightly painted wooden houses, there were now neat red brick houses with shining knockers and white marble trimmings. They



A BALTIMORE CLIPPER

From a print in the possession of the P. Dougherty Company, Baltimore

speak of the beauty of the Baltimore women, and praise the good manners of the children.

The Baltimore hotels were famous. An Englishman, named Alexander Mackay, says that Barnum's Hotel was "one of the most admirably managed establishments of the kind on the continent." He tells us, too, how the

BALTIMORE TOWN

hotels tried to get guests. When he got off the train at Baltimore there was a crowd of colored men waiting. Each was shouting the name of the hotel to which he belonged, and trying to get the travelers to go along with him.

“Barnum’s, gen’lemen—Barnum’s—now for Barnum’s



MARKET STREET

From an old print in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

—only house in town—rest all shamskin but no ’possum—
yhaw, yhaw—Barnum’s, Barnum’s!”

“’Cause Eagle eaten all de ’possum up, and left nuffin
but de skin—de Eagle’s de house, gen’lemen—hurra for
de Eagle!”

MARYLAND

Baltimore is called the Monumental City, and is honored by having the first monument erected to Washington by any State. The corner stone was laid in the year 1815. Colonel John Eager Howard gave the ground on which the monument is built. His children presented to the



WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN 1835

From a steel engraving in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society

city the surrounding squares of Mount Vernon and Washington Places.

When Charles Carroll laid the corner stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad he said it was one of the most important acts of his life. But about a year later an event, even more important, took place in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE TOWN

This was the opening of the first public school in the city. It was in the basement of a church on Eutaw Street between Saratoga and Mulberry. The school was in charge of William H. Coffin, who was the first public school teacher in Baltimore.

It is well to make our cities beautiful and it is well to honor great men. But a nation can progress without monuments. The building of a railroad is a great achievement. And the building of the first railroad in our State is something to be proud of. But a nation may be great without railroads.

But no nation can be great, no nation can advance without knowledge. So it is that the opening of the first public school in Baltimore is a great event. It meant that knowledge was to be within the reach of all the people of our city.



TANEY STATUE
MOUNT VERNON PLACE, BALTIMORE

XVIII

NORTH AND SOUTH

IN story XIV we learned how the thirteen colonies united to form our nation. We have now come to a time when that nation came near being broken up. Indeed it was divided for a few years. Eleven States in the south separated from the Union and formed the Confederate States of America. Then war began between the Union and the Confederacy, between the North and the South.

This long and bloody war was fought to settle two questions. First, could the States secede? That is, could they separate themselves from the Union if they wished to do so? And secondly should there be negro slaves in the United States? The South said the answer to these questions was "yes." The North said "no."

On which side was Maryland? She was on the border between North and South. Our State was a slave State but did not secede. Some of her people thought that slavery was wrong. Many of them thought it was not wrong. Some of them wished to join the Confederacy. But most of them thought the State should remain in the Union. The result was that her sons joined, some the Southern and some the Northern armies, and fought against each other.

NORTH AND SOUTH

When the war began the First Maryland Regiment left Baltimore to join the Federal Army in Virginia. It was commanded by Colonel John R. Kenly. In the meanwhile Captain Bradley T. Johnson of Frederick had raised a company of volunteers for the Confederate army, and had marched with them into Virginia. Others soon joined them, and before long they were organized into the First Maryland Regiment of the Confederate army. Bradley T. Johnson soon became its colonel.

This Confederate First Maryland Regiment was without arms, clothing, or supplies. They could not ask for arms from their own State to fight against the Union to which she belonged, and Virginia could hardly supply her own regiments. A woman came to their rescue. Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson journeyed all the way to her native State of North Carolina to ask for help. She returned to her husband's camp with enough rifles, cartridges, blankets, kettles and other camp furniture to fit out the regiment.

Both of these First Maryland regiments soon distinguished themselves, and, oddly enough, in fighting against each other. General Banks of the Union army was at Strasburg, Virginia, and "Stonewall" Jackson formed a plan to capture his force. He wanted to get to the rear of General Bank's and take him by surprise.

But at Front Royal Colonel Kenly and his regiment were in the way. So Jackson sent Colonel Johnson to drive them out.

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When the attack began Colonel Kenly lost no time. He at once sent off a messenger to General Banks to warn him of his danger. Then for two hours he kept the Confederates in check. But then they attacked him on the flank. He tried to cross the Shenandoah River and burn the bridge behind him. At the first movement he made



JOHN R. KENLY

the Confederates charged and drove him over the bridge. But Colonel Kenly fought every step of the way until darkness came. Then he had to surrender. But Jackson's force had been held in check so long that Banks was in safety.

In the whole of this campaign of Jackson's, Colonel Johnson's regiment served with great bravery. In a battle near Harrisonburg, a Virginia regiment was engaged with the Pennsylvania "Bucktails." The

fight was close and bloody. Colonel Johnson came up with his regiment in the hottest part of the fight. By a dashing charge he drove the enemy off and killed a great many of them. "In commemoration of this gallant conduct I ordered one of the captured 'Bucktails' to be appended

NORTH AND SOUTH

as a trophy to their flag. . . . Four color-bearers were shot down in succession, but each time the colors were caught before reaching the ground, and were finally borne by Corporal Daniel Shanks to the close of the action."

This is what General Ewell said in his report of the battle.

The war had gone on for about a year and a half when General Robert E. Lee crossed the Potomac to "deliver Maryland and invade Pennsylvania." Many fierce and bloody battles had been fought in Virginia. That State was so laid waste that General Lee could not get food for his men nor forage for his horses. The crops had been burnt or trampled into the earth by the feet of horses



BRADLEY T. JOHNSON

and men. The wheels of wagons and cannon had rolled over the fields. Houses and barns were burned to the ground.

General Lee hoped to get in Maryland all the supplies he needed. Besides, many persons declared that Mary-

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land wanted to join the Confederacy. If she really wished to do so General Lee wanted to give her the chance. So he marched his army into Maryland.

His wagons had no food in them. His soldiers were clothed in rags. Thousands of them had no shoes. But the Maryland men in his army forgot all their troubles when they once more entered their beloved State. Tears came into their eyes. They tossed up their hats. They



A PIECE OF CONFEDERATE PAPER MONEY

kissed the ground. Then all at once the bands began to play "Maryland, My Maryland." The soldiers sang until the air rang with it.

The army marched on to Frederick. Everyone was excited. The soldiers were orderly and well behaved. All the food and clothing and supplies that he took General Lee paid for—in Confederate paper money. Of

NORTH AND SOUTH

course, after the war this money was worthless. But the people in Western Maryland were, for the most part, for the Union and against slavery. So General Lee did not succeed in getting many supplies.

In the meantime the Union army was marching to meet the Confederates. They met and fought at South Mountain and at Antietam. The Confederate army was defeated and the first invasion of Maryland ended with Lee's retreat into Virginia.

The battle of Antietam (September 17, 1862,) was one of the severest of the war. One hun-



DUNKER CHURCH NEAR ANTIETAM

dred and fifty thousand men were engaged in it on both sides, and the loss was more than twenty-five thousand. A visitor to the field soon after the battle says, "We reached a wood, every tree pierced with shot or cut with bullets, and came to the little brick Dunker church on the turnpike. . . . A hundred round shot have pierced its

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walls, while bullets by thousands have scarred and battered it." And a little beyond, in "a narrow country lane . . . in the length of five hundred feet, I counted more than two hundred of their [Confederate] dead."

A number of Maryland regiments were engaged in this battle. In one regiment of the Union army there had been seven hundred and seventy-nine men. But after the Maryland campaign only two hundred and fifty of them were left.

Twice again was Maryland invaded by the Confederates, once, under General Lee, in 1863, in the campaign which ended with the battle of Gettysburg, and again by General Early in 1864. General Early's cavalry took possession of Hagerstown.

Their commander, General John McCausland, said to the people of the town. "I will give you three hours within which to pay me twenty thousand dollars. Besides, you must send me 1500 suits of clothes, 1500 hats, 1500 pairs of shoes, 1500 shirts, 1900 pairs of drawers, and 1500 pairs of socks. If you do not send me these things within four hours I will burn your town."

The people of Hagerstown did their best to collect the clothing. But they could get only a few hundred of each article although General McCausland gave them two hours extra time. But they paid the twenty thousand dollars, and so General McCausland did not burn their homes. He made Frederick also pay a ransom of two hundred thousand dollars.

NORTH AND SOUTH

Bodies of Confederate cavalry rode in every direction. They burned bridges, cut telegraph wires, captured railroad trains, and carried off horses. One small party, under Colonel Harry Gilmor of Baltimore, came within five miles of that city, and burned the country house of Governor Bradford. This company visited also Towson, Reisterstown, Mount Washington and other places, but did little damage.

Colonel Gilmor served with distinction throughout the war, and saw much service as a scout. Here is one of his adventures as he tells the story himself. Colonel Gilmor with Lieutenants Swindler, McAleese, Hurst and Marshall, took out a small squad "to look up the enemy." He soon discovered so large a body of their cavalry that he sent his squad back, in



HARRY GILMOR

command of Lieutenant Hurst. Colonel Gilmor, with his three other lieutenants and a "young man named Mountjoy Cloud, who acted as orderly, proceeded to worry the [enemy's] pickets, . . . relying on the

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fleetness of our horses to get us out of the way, if necessary.

"McAleese and Swindler crept upon the pickets on the left, and Swindler killed one of them. This roused the enemy, and they made a dash, cutting off Swindler and McAleese from joining us. Swindler jumped a fence and escaped into the mountains. McAleese was following him, when his horse was killed, but he too escaped into the woods, and reached camp next day. In the meantime, we were galloping along ahead of their squadron, . . . stopping occasionally to get a shot as they would charge us around a turn in the road or over the crest of a hill.

"And now for our escape, owing to the cool, deliberate courage of Cloud. He was dressed in dark clothes and wore [a hat with] a black feather in it, with the initials of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry and crossed sabres on the front, making Cloud look, at a short distance, not unlike a Federal. I had sent him with a message to Lieutenant Hurst to station his men at the ford.

"Between us and the ford were heavy woods, and when Cloud rode into them he saw a sentinel, with drawn sabre, sitting quietly on his horse. Cloud merely nodded to him as he rode by, the other returning his salute. Riding on a little farther, he came upon a whole company drawn up in single rank, with carbines resting on their hips, ready to fire on anything coming along the road. Cloud still rode on, coolly looking on them.

NORTH AND SOUTH

"He had scarcely passed them in safety before he discovered another company, drawn up as if ready for a start. These also he passed in the same cool, deliberate manner . . . and could now have safely run for the ford. But, instead of saving himself and leaving us to be taken prisoners, he leisurely turned about and rode by them again, making dumb signs, as much as to say, 'All right, boys; we'll have these Rebels yet.'

"As soon as he got clear of them he lost no time in giving us warning. There we stood in the road, with a force on each side of us, almost within rifle shot. Nothing was left then but to take the river, which we reached by going across the fields; nor did we look for a ford, but plunged in, and all got safely over, with no other inconvenience than a good ducking."

In reading of war we are too apt to think only of the glory of its victories and of its romantic adventures. But we should remember that war is the killing of men. In the battle of Antietam, as we have seen, one-sixth of the soldiers engaged were slain. The soldiers are not to blame, they are sent to the war to fight.

But if people thought more of the horrors of war, of its bloodshed and cruelty, they would realize that the great nation is not the one which has a large army and a large navy and which is always eager for war. The truly great nations are those which by peaceful industry, by the quiet achievements of the arts and sciences, do most to elevate mankind, to make mankind nobler, better and happier, and less like the brute beasts.

XIX

POE AND BOOTH

IN our stories we have read about some of Maryland's famous statesmen, judges and lawyers. We have learned about the merchants who made her rich and prosperous. And we have read about some of the soldiers and sailors who did honor to their State. We shall now hear about two men whose life work was altogether different.

The most famous of American actors and one of the greatest of American poets were Marylanders. Their lives teach us different lessons. Both were men of genius and, therefore, to be admired. But Edwin Booth can also be loved for the charity and unselfishness of his nature. He should be esteemed for his fortitude in suffering, and for his steadfastness to a noble ideal.

Edgar Poe is most to be pitied. He was proud and sensitive, a bitter critic of the writings of others, but quickly angered at criticism of his own. He was envious, cynical and morbid. His most redeeming characteristic was his great love for his wife and his reverence for all women. Edwin Booth, the man, will be held in loving remembrance long after the actor is forgotten. Edgar Poe, the man, will be forgiven and forgotten in the remembrance of "the singular and exquisite genius."

POE AND BOOTH

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809, but he belonged to a Maryland family, honorable, and of long standing. The poet's grandfather, General David Poe, served with distinction in the Revolution and was a friend of Lafayette. His eldest son, also named David, was Edgar Allan Poe's father.

The poet's mother was Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress. David Poe gave up the study of law and went on the stage with his wife. It was during one of their theatrical tours that Edgar Allan Poe was born. He had a brother and a sister, children of the same mother, a mother whose memory Edgar loved passionately. She did not live long enough



ELIZABETH ARNOLD

*From a miniature in the possession of
J. H. Ingram*

for her children to learn to love herself. She died at Richmond, Virginia, when Edgar was about three years old. The poet's father had died not long before at Norfolk. They were in great distress at the time. It is said, they were without money, food, fuel and clothing. The two little children, Edgar and Rose, were almost

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starved. The eldest child, William Henry Leonard, was with his grandfather in Baltimore.

The beautiful little boy Edgar was adopted by John Allan, a merchant of Richmond, and in that city he passed his childhood. His life was comfortable but simple. Mr. Allan was not a wealthy man until Poe reached the age of sixteen. Edgar was taken to England by Mr. Allan, and lived there for about five years near London. He went to school and learned English, Latin, French and Mathematics. The boy was "very beautiful, yet brave and manly, . . . [and] a leader among his playmates." But he was spoiled and wayward, and retiring in disposition.

At the age of seventeen, Poe entered the University of Virginia. Even then he wrote strange, wild stories which he would read aloud to a few friends gathered together in his room. He was regular in his attendance and a successful student, but, like many others of the students, he gambled. The result was that he wasted his money and made debts amounting to thousands of dollars. He left the University after about ten months.

It is believed that after this Poe returned to Richmond and entered the counting house of Mr. Allan. But he had a bitter quarrel with Mr. Allan on account of his gaming debts at the University. He left Mr. Allan's house and for some years we know nothing of his life. But we do know that in 1827 there was published at Boston a little volume called "Tamerlane and other Poems. By

For every sound that floats
From ^{the rust within their} ~~out their~~ ghostly throats

Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people
^{they wait, deep} ~~who~~ live up in the steeple

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a store —

They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human,

But are pestilential carcasses disparted from their souls —

Called Ghouls: —

And their king it is who tolls: —

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls

A Paan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the Paan of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the Paan of the bells —

Of the bells: —

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a Bostonian," which was the work of Poe. Only forty of these volumes were printed, and a copy has since been sold for twenty-five hundred dollars. The poems in the volume, Poe said in the preface, were written when he was only about fourteen years of age.

In this same year Poe enlisted in the United States Army under the name of "Edgar A. Perry." His record was good but after about two years' service he was honorably discharged. He went to Baltimore and brought out under his own name, a volume of poems* called "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems."

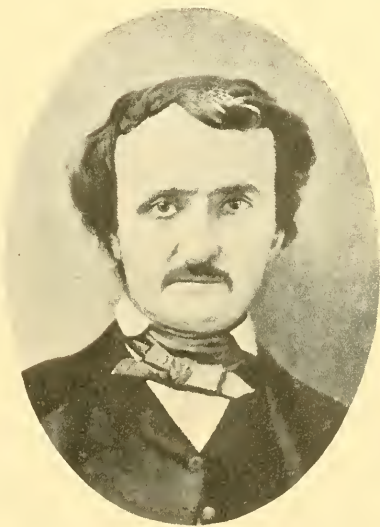
In the next year Poe was appointed to a cadetship in the Military Academy at West Point. He stood high in his studies, but neglected his military duties. He was wild and disorderly and was often punished. His conduct was so bad that he was court-martialed and dismissed from the Academy in about six months.

There is much uncertainty as to how and where Poe spent the next two and a half years. He may have gone to Europe, he may have lived with an aunt, Mrs. Clemm, in Baltimore. But in 1833 he reappears, made famous by the winning of a prize of one hundred dollars offered by a weekly paper, called the Baltimore Visiter. The story which won the prize was his "MS. Found in a Bottle." The committee which awarded the prize was composed of three well known Baltimoreans, John P. Kennedy, J. H. B. Latrobe and James H. Miller.

*A copy of this volume can be seen in the Peabody Library, Baltimore.

POE AND BOOTH

A day or two after the story was published Poe called on Mr. Latrobe, a stranger to him, to thank him. Mr. Latrobe says, "He was . . . below the middle size. . . . His figure was remarkably good, and he carried himself erect and well. . . . He was dressed in black, and his frock coat was buttoned to the throat. . . . Coat, hat, boots, and gloves had very evidently seen their best days, but so far as mending and brushing go, everything had been done . . . to make them presentable. . . . His manner was easy and quiet . . . The expression of his face was grave, almost sad, except when he was engaged in conversation, when it became animated and changeable."



EDGAR ALLAN POE

Poe lived with Mrs. Clemm at the time and was earning a little by his writing, but he was wretchedly poor. He seems to have expected that his adopted father, Mr. Allan, would leave him something, if but little, on his death. But when this took place, in 1834, Poe's name was not even mentioned in the

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will. He had offended Mr. Allan seriously, and has been accused of leading an evil and dissolute life. It is even said that he forged Mr. Allan's name. But these evil reports of his life were spread by his enemies.

At about this time Poe married his cousin, Virginia



POE'S COITAGE AT FORDHAM

From an Old Engraving

Clemm, a beautiful girl about thirteen years younger than himself. They removed to Richmond, where Poe became the literary editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. His affairs improved and he published many stories, essays and reviews. But he became des-

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pondent, and complained of ill health. In fact, the habit of drinking began to grow on him, as well as the evil habit of borrowing money. He was befriended at this time in many ways by John P. Kennedy, whose recommendation had gotten him the position in Richmond.

After twelve months Poe left Richmond and lived in New York and Philadelphia with his wife and her mother. Their home life was charming, and broken only by his occasional fits of intoxication. Poe loved his wife dearly, and no matter what his condition might be she received from him only loving treatment.

Poe met with success in literary and social life. But the number of his enemies increased and he did much to add to the number. He lived for some time at Fordham, a suburb of New York, in a cottage "half buried in fruit trees," in the midst of birds and flowers, but still in deep poverty.

His wife had been an invalid for years, and here at



THE POE MONUMENT
BALTIMORE

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Fordham she died. It was in midwinter, but they were so poor that Poe could not even get bed clothes to cover his dying wife. She lay in her bed holding a large pet cat in her bosom to keep warm. But some friends came to them and relieved their wants.

Shortly after his wife's death Poe met Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, to whom he became betrothed. But on the eve of marriage her friends broke off the engagement. Poe had lost all control of himself. He seemed almost mad. He says: "I am full of dark forebodings. . . . My life seems wasted." But he grew better and went to Richmond where he renewed old acquaintances pleasantly for a time. He then started on his return to New York on business. He reached Baltimore, and there the end came. He was found, drunk or deranged, lying in the streets. He was taken to the hospital, where he died of brain fever on October 7, 1849.

Edwin Thomas Booth was born near Bel Air in Harford County, on November 13, 1833. His father, Junius Brutus Booth was an actor of great genius. He is commonly known as "the elder Booth." He was born in London, but emigrated to America and bought the farm in Harford County where Edwin was born.

The boy Edwin received but little education. And his education was often interrupted, because he used to be his father's companion on his acting tours. But his father had a small library of good books and these books the boy read.

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His father wished Edwin to be a cabinet maker and seldom spoke to him of the theatre. He was not even allowed to see any plays. But while waiting in his father's dressing room he used to hear the actors speaking their lines. In this way, he says, "at an early age my memory became stored with the words of all the parts of every play in which my father performed."



EDWIN BOOTH'S BIRTHPLACE
NEAR CHURCHVILLE, HARFORD COUNTY

Edwin Booth's first appearance on the stage was in 1849 at the Boston Museum, in the character of Tressel in Shakespeare's play of Richard III. His taking any part was accidental, and done to relieve an overworked member of the company. Before the time came for his entry

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he was called to the dressing room of his father, already dressed for the part of Richard III. His father said to him,

“Who was Tressel?”

“A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury.”

“What was his mission?”

“To bear the news of the defeat of the king’s party.”

“How did he make the journey?”

“On horseback.”

“Where are your spurs?”

Edwin glanced quickly down and said he had not thought of them.

At his father’s bidding he took off his father’s spurs, fastened them to his own boots and went on for his part.

Booth’s second appearance was in the court house at Bel Air, during the following summer. He and J. S. Clarke gave selections from several of Shakespeare’s plays and even sang a number of negro melodies to the accompaniment of banjo and bones! It was in 1851, however, at the National Theatre in New York, that he won his first great success.

Edwin Booth gives the following account of the incident: “One evening, just as he [the elder Booth] should have started for the theatre to prepare for his performance of Richard III., he feigned illness; nor would he leave the bed where he had been napping, . . . but told me to go and act Richard for him. This amazed me, . . . but he could not be coaxed to waver from his

POE AND BOOTH

determination not to act that night, and as it was time for the manager to be notified, there was no course to pursue but to go to the theatre to announce the fact."

When he arrived at the theatre the manager said, "We



BOSTON MUSEUM WHERE BOOTH MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE
ON THE STAGE

must close the house—unless *you* will act the part." Edwin Booth did act the part and was greeted with applause, being at first mistaken for his father. But the applause came to his own acting as the play went on.

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From this time on he worked his own way upward on the stage without help or advice from his father. He acted in California and other parts of the new West, and made a trip to Australia. Four years later he returned and acted in Baltimore and other southern cities. From there he went to Boston and New York, winning success as he went.



EDWIN BOOTH

At about this time he married Mary Devlin, whom he dearly loved, but in a little over two years she died, and Booth never ceased to mourn for her. He was steadfast in his love and in his friendship. Clara Morris says of him, "My gods were few, . . . and on the highest, whitest pedestal of all, grave and gentle, stood . . . Edwin Booth. . . . He had a wonderful power to win love from other men. . . ."

It was not mere good-fellowship or even affection, but there was something so fine and true, so strong and sweet in his nature, that it won the love of those who knew him best."

A dreadful blow fell upon him when his brother, John Wilkes Booth, assassinated Lincoln. He left the stage and thought he should never act again. But he did return

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and was welcomed back with loving enthusiasm. In 1867 he was presented with a gold medal in honor of one hundred consecutive performances of Hamlet by him in New York, and also in recognition of "his life-long efforts to raise the standard of the drama."

Booth acted in America, in England, and in Germany. Of his triumphal reception in Germany he wrote, "The audience . . . formed a passage from the lobby to my carriage till I was in and off; yet I was nearly an hour in the theatre after the play."

In 1889 Edwin Booth had a stroke of paralysis, but he continued to act after his recovery until 1891. Then he quietly retired from the stage. He settled himself in his rooms at the Players' Club in New York. His health suffered from the exces-



BOOTH AS HAMLET

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sive use of tobacco, not from drink as is sometimes said. But to the end he was cheerful and took pleasure in his friends and his family. He died at the Players' Club on June 7, 1893, and was buried at Mount Auburn cemetery, near Boston, by the side of his first wife.

We have come to the end of our stories. We have read about the lives of some great and noble men. We have heard about the brave deeds of others. If we cannot be as brave as these let us, at least, be as willing in our service. If we cannot be as great as the others let us, at least, be as earnest in our efforts. One thing we can all do. We can promise to take up the work where our fathers leave it off and do all that in us lies for the honor and welfare of Maryland.

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